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FIFTY POEMS OF HĀFIΖ

ALSO BY A. J. ARBERRY

The Doctrine of the Sūfīs
A Modern Persian Reader

FIFTY POEMS OF HAFIZ

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS
COLLECTED AND MADE, INTRODUCED
AND ANNOTATED BY

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Thou who didst dwell where Ruknabad once ran
Melodious beneath the Persian sky,
And watch with mind serene and steady eye
The tragic play that is the life of man;
And, seeing it was so since earth began
And shall continue after thou and I,
Being spent as swiftly as a lover's sigh,
Depart upon death's trackless caravan;
Out of dross sound by sovereign alchemy
Didst fashion melodies of liquid gold,
Creating riches of thy penury,
Transmuting death to immortality:
Accept these words that leave the whole untold,
And in fresh youth renew thy wisdom old.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	1
TEXTS	35
TRANSLATIONS	81
NOTES	137
LIST OF TRANSLATORS	185
INDEX OF FIRST LINES	186

INTRODUCTION

I

It is two hundred years since the birth of Sir William Jones (1746–1794), the father of Persian studies in the west; one century and three-quarters since the publication of *A Persian Song*, his celebrated translation which introduced Hāfiẓ of Shirāz to the literary world of London and Europe. The present is thus a peculiarly opportune time to review what his successors have done in furthering the study and interpretation of this, the greatest lyric poet of Persia; the more so since it has long been desirable to furnish students with a text-book appropriate to their needs as beginners in the appreciation of Persian lyrical poetry. The selection now presented has been made with the double object of exhibiting the various aspects of Hāfiẓ' style and thought, and of representing how English scholars have attempted to render his poetry in their own language. Lest it should be supposed that the work of two centuries has exhausted every aspect of the study of Hāfiẓ, and that the last word on his interpretation has been said, these introductory remarks will suggest fresh approaches to the subject, and propose a number of lines along which future research might with advantage be directed.

Hāfiẓ is by universal consent the supreme master of the art of the Persian *ghazal*—a literary form generally equated with the lyric; though perhaps the sonnet is in some respects a closer equivalent. When it is considered that literary critics of undoubted authority have estimated Persian poetry as an important contribution to the art of self-expression in metre and rhyme, and the Persian *ghazal* as a form unsurpassable of its kind, it may be readily conceded that Hāfiẓ is a poet eminently worth study; and it may without undue optimism be conjectured that as a master of a splendid art-form he can still teach useful lessons to all who are interested in the evolution of poetic expression. If it is added,

INTRODUCTION

as a personal opinion, that Hāfiẓ' technique can by modified imitation inspire new developments in western poetry, perhaps a claim so extravagant will not be rejected so summarily as similar claims less solidly founded; for Hāfiẓ is as highly esteemed by his countrymen as Shakespeare by us, and deserves as serious consideration.

The Persians were not greatly interested in the lives of their poets, and consequently we have little reliable information on which to construct a biography of Hāfiẓ; though modern scholars have displayed great learning and ingenuity in attempting to recover the salient facts of his career. The student is recommended to consult the charming preface to Gertrude Bell's *Poems from the Divan of Hafiz*; the section on Hāfiẓ in E. G. Browne's *Literary History of Persia*; the introduction to Husain Pezhmān's edition of the *Dīvān*; and, above all, the voluminous and profound study of the poet by Dr Qāsim Ghanī (*Baḥth dar āthār u afkār u abwāl-i Hāfiẓ*) which is now appearing in Teheran. Not to duplicate what is readily accessible elsewhere, we confine ourselves here to the barest outline of the poet's life.

Shams al-Dīn Hāfiẓ of Shīrāz was born at the capital of the province of Fārs about the year 720/1320; some sixty years after the great catastrophe of Islamic history, Hūlāgū Khān's capture and sack of Baghdād; rather less than a century after the death of Muhyī al-Dīn Ibn 'Arabī (d. 638/1240), the greatest theosophist of the Arabs; and fifty years after the death of Jalāl al-Dīn Rūmī (d. 672/1273), Persia's most original mystical poet. He grew up in an age when the finest Arabic literature had already been written, and in the shadow of the reputation of his distinguished fellow-citizen, Shaikh Sa'dī (d. 690/1291 or 691/1292). Persian poetry had thus reached its consummation in the romantic epic (Nizāmī probably died in 599/1202), the mystical *mathnāvī*, the *ruba'i*, the *qasīda* (Anvarī died between 585/1189 and 587/1191), and gnomic verse; Hāfiẓ spent little time on the *qasīda* and *ruba'i*, and none at all on the other classical forms, but elected to specialize in the *ghazal*, no doubt supposing—and not without

INTRODUCTION

cause—that he had something to contribute to this most delicate of all poetic forms.

As a student, Hāfiẓ evidently learned the Qur’ān by heart (for so his name implies), and his poetry proves that, like other Persian poets, he acquired a competence in all the Muslim sciences taught in his day; for the Persian poet must have learning as much as original genius. It seems likely that he was a man of no great substance, especially if we admit the evidence of a manuscript of the *Khamsa* of Amir Khusrau of Delhi (d. 725/1325) now preserved in the State Library of Tashkent which bears a colophon stating that it was written by “the humblest of God’s creatures Muhammad nicknamed Shams al-Hāfiẓ al-Shīrāzī” and completed on 24 Ṣafar 756/9 February 1355 (see A. A. Semenov’s note in *Sukhan*, vol. II, pp. 95–6); for only a relatively poor man would seek his bread by transcribing other men’s poems for pay. It remained for him therefore to develop and perfect his God-given genius for song, and by soliciting the favour of wealthy and powerful patrons to emulate in the fourteenth century those already legendary figures of the twelfth who had risen in the courts of princes to great eminence and abundant riches, and yet secured the highest prize of all, immortality in the hearts and on the lips of succeeding generations. Wealth, as it seems, was destined to elude Hāfiẓ’ grasp, for the age in which he lived was an age of insecurity and sudden catastrophe; but he achieved in full measure the ampler portion of eternal fame, even in lands whose very names were unknown in his day and among peoples speaking a language cognate with his own, yet never imagined in his mind.

Shīrāz, “a large and flourishing town with many riches and many inhabitants” (as the anonymous author of the *Hudūd al-‘ālam* called it, writing towards the end of the tenth century), capital of the province of Fārs from which Persia obtained her name in the West, at the time of Hāfiẓ’ birth formed part of the dominions of Sharaf al-Dīn Maḥmūdshāh of the Injū dynasty, a fief of the Mongol overlord Uljāitū and his successor Abū Sa’īd.

INTRODUCTION

The territories about the city were infested with robber bands, to prevent whose depredations formed no small part of the cares of the ruler. The death of Abū Sa‘id in 736/1335 provided the youthful Hāfiẓ with his first personal experience of the transient nature of human glory; for his follower Arpa Khān had Maḥmūdshāh immediately put to death. There followed a struggle for power between his four sons, Jalāl al-Dīn Maṣ‘ūdshāh, Ghiyāth al-Dīn Kaikhusrāu, Shams al-Dīn Muḥammad and Abū Ishāq Jamāl al-Dīn; Kaikhusrāu was the first to pay the supreme penalty of unwise ambition (739/1339), to be followed to his grave the next year by Muḥammad. Meanwhile Shīrāz passed into the hands of Pīr Ḫusain, the Chupanid princeling with whom Muḥammad had conspired and who requited his confidence by slaying him; but the intruder had little joy of his filched possession; the infuriated populace drove him out, and when he would have returned the following year he fell out with a confederate and met his end. Maṣ‘ūdshāh, the eldest of Maḥmūdshāh’s sons, fell victim to an imprudent intrigue in 743/1343; and after a further bout of violence the youngest of the brothers, Abū Ishāq, at last succeeded in establishing his authority throughout Fārs. We have a fragment of Hāfiẓ (Brockhaus’ edition of the *Dīvān*, no. 579), written many years after these events, in which the poet recalls the reign of “Shāh Shaikh Abū Ishāq when five wonderful persons inhabited the kingdom of Fārs”—the Shāh himself, the chief judge of Shīrāz Majd al-Dīn Ismā‘il b. Muḥammad b. Khudādād (for whom see no. 50 of this selection), a certain Shaikh Amin al-Dīn, the eminent theologian and philosopher ‘Adud al-Dīn ‘Abd al-Rahmān b. Ahmād al-Ījī (d. 756/1355), and Ḥājjī Qiwām al-Dīn Ḥasan, a favourite of the Shāh, whose death in 754/1353 Hāfiẓ celebrated with a necrology (Brockhaus no. 610).

Abū Ishāq was an ambitious man; having secured the mastery of Shīrāz and Fārs he sought to extend his dominion to embrace Yazd and Kirmān, and so brought himself into conflict with the neighbouring dynasty of the Muẓaffarids. This house, founded by

INTRODUCTION

Sharaf al-Dīn Muṣaffar (d. 713/1314) the fief successively of the Mongol Ilkhāns Arghūn, Ghāzān, and Uljāitū, had its capital at Maibudh near Yazd. Muṣaffar was succeeded by his son Mubāriz al-Dīn Muḥammad, at that time a lad of thirteen; he grew into a resolute and ruthless ruler, taking Yazd in 718/1318 or 719/1319 and holding his petty empire in the face of bloody rebellion; profiting by the chaos that resulted from the death of Abū Sa'īd, in 740/1340 he annexed Kirmān. Twice Abū Ishāq essayed to wrest Kirmān from the grasp of its new master, and twice he failed; in 751/1350–1 he tried his hand against Yazd, but was speedily repulsed; a third attempt at Kirmān ended in a signal defeat (753/1352). Mubāriz al-Dīn, encouraged by this final verdict, now took the offensive into the enemy's camp, and in 754/1353 he captured Shīrāz; he pursued his triumph, took Iṣfahān, and put his stubborn foe to death in 757/1356 or 758/1357.

It appears that Shīrāz did not greatly enjoy its change of rulers, for Mubāriz al-Dīn was a Sunnī zealot; the story of the closing of the wine-taverns, and Hāfiẓ' supposed reference to the event, may be read in Browne (*Literary History of Persia*, vol. III, pp. 277–5). However, the conqueror did not long prevail in his new empire; for in 759/1358, while on a military expedition that had won for him the temporary possession of Tabrīz, he was made prisoner by his own son Shāh Shujā' and, after the barbarous fashion of those days, blinded; he died in 765/1364. Hāfiẓ does not appear to have esteemed it profitable to solicit the favour of the austere Mubāriz al-Dīn, though he has two poems in praise of his chief minister Burhān al-Dīn Fath Allāh (Brockhaus, nos. 400, 571).

Shāh Shujā' enjoyed a relatively long reign, though he saw his share of fraternal envy and neighbourly rivalries. His brother Shāh Maḥmūd, who ruled over Abarqūh and Iṣfahān, in 764/1363 seized Yazd; to be in turn besieged in Iṣfahān until the two princes came to an understanding. The reconciliation was short-lived; the following year Maḥmūd allied himself to Uwais, the Jalā'irid ruler of Baghdād since 756/1355, and after laying siege to Shīrāz for eleven months captured the city, only to lose it again in

INTRODUCTION

767/1366. Shāh Mahmūd died in 776/1375, and thereupon Shāh Shujā' possessed himself of Isfahān. Uwais succumbed suddenly in the same year; and the lord of Shīrāz thought the moment opportune to enlarge himself towards Ādharbāijān at the expense of Ḫusain, the new sovereign of Baghdād. However, what success Shāh Shujā' achieved was soon undone when he found his nephew Shāh Yahyā conspiring against him; he renounced his spoils, made peace with Ḫusain, and married his son Zain al-Ābidīn to the Baghdādī's sister. This was far from the end of trouble between the two neighbours; and when Ḫusain was murdered by his brother Ahmad in 783/1381 the latter, confronted by the inevitable succession of hopeful pretenders, was glad to solicit the friendly support of Shāh Shujā', and to repudiate it as soon as his throne seemed secure. But meanwhile a cloud was gathering on the horizon that would presently grow into a storm sweeping all these petty conspiracies into ruin and oblivion. Tīmūr Lang, born at Kash in Transoxiana in 736/1336, had won his way through blood to the throne as "rightful heir" to Chaghatāi and true descendant of Chingiz; after ten years' wars of consolidation, he invaded Khurāsān in 782/1380-1, and within two years mastered Gurgān, Māzandarān and Seistān. Shāh Shujā', recognizing the portents, bought the favour of the mighty conqueror with rich gifts and a daughter; death spared him further anxieties in 786/1384.

The reign of Shāh Shujā' saw the full blossoming of the flower of Ḥāfiẓ' genius. Being a man of more liberal views than his predecessor, he created the conditions indispensable to the free display of poetic talent; and though it is said that relations between the poet and his royal patron were at times lacking in cordiality (see Browne, *op. cit.* vol. III, pp. 280-2), Ḥāfiẓ immortalized him by name in four poems (cf. no. 28 of this collection and Brockhaus, nos. 327, 344, 346) and wrote a noble necrology for his epitaph (Brockhaus, no. 601); it is as certain as such conjectures can be that very many other poems in the *Dīvān*, though not naming Shāh Shujā' directly, were composed for him.

INTRODUCTION

Future researchers may recover much from the obscure hints scattered up and down the poet's verses to shed new light on the dark history of these years in the chequered fortunes of Shīrāz.

Shāh Shujā' shortly before dying nominated his son Zain al-Ābidīn 'Alī to rule over Shīrāz, and his brother 'Imād al-Dīn Aḥmad to govern Kirmān. 'Alī was immediately opposed by his cousin Shāh Yahyā b. Sharaf al-Dīn Muẓaffar (Hāfiẓ courted him by name in five poems) who although subsequently reconciled lost his command of Iṣfahān and fled to Yazd. In 789/1387 'Alī, learning that his nominee at Iṣfahān, Muẓaffar-i Kāshī, had yielded before the approach of Tīmūr, abandoned Shīrāz for Baghdād and left it to Shāh Yahyā to make what terms he could with the formidable invader. The people of Iṣfahān were so imprudent as to kill Tīmūr's envoys, and expiated their rashness in a fearful massacre. Tīmūr declared Sultān Aḥmad the governor of Fārs, as well as Kirmān; then followed a bewildering series of events, characteristic of the kaleidoscopic nature of the destinies of those times. Zain al-Ābidīn 'Alī on quitting Shīrāz had secured the friendship of his cousin Shāh Manṣūr b. Sharaf al-Dīn Muẓaffar at Shūshtar, but was almost immediately attacked and imprisoned by him. Shāh Manṣūr (whom Hāfiẓ complimented in a number of poems, including, according to some manuscripts, no. 37 of this selection) now walked into undefended Shīrāz; and when 'Alī, released by his jailers, made common cause with Shāh Yahyā and Sultān Aḥmad against him, Manṣūr defeated the coalition and occupied all 'Irāq. 'Alī fled, but was captured by the governor of Raiy and handed over to Shāh Manṣūr, who ordered him to be blinded. Flushed with these successes, Manṣūr thought to match his fortunes against the dread Tīmūr's. It was an unlucky speculation. The mighty conqueror marched to the gates of Shīrāz, and there, after a desperate resistance, Manṣūr fell. The rest of the Muẓaffarids immediately declared their submission to Tīmūr; but their tardy realism secured them only a week's further lease of life, and in Rajab 795/March 1393 they were all executed.

INTRODUCTION

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INTRODUCTION

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INTRODUCTION

Hāfiẓ had not lived to see the final ruin of the house that had patronized his genius and been immortalized in his songs. In the year 791/1389 (or, according to some authorities, 792/1390) he passed to the mercy of God, and discovered at last the solution to the baffling riddle of human life. His death took place in the beloved city that had given him birth; he lies buried in the rose-bower of Muṣallā, on the banks of the Ruknābād, so often celebrated in his poems; his grave is marked by a tablet inscribed with two of his songs.

Such, in brief outline, were the main events of fourteenth-century Fārs, so far as they affected Hāfiẓ' life. The legends of his relations with distant rulers, of his intended journey to India, of his debate with Timūr Lang, may be read in Gertrude Bell and the other biographers, for what they are worth; it is sufficient to say that we have no contemporary evidence for them, and that they rest in all likelihood upon no surer basis than the intelligent speculation of his readers in after times; modern criticism is perhaps entitled to make its own guesses with equal measure of certainty and uncertainty. What is indisputable is that these were the times in which the poet lived, and these the verses (or as much of them as are genuine, of which more hereafter) in which he expressed his reactions to the world about him. Being a near and interested witness of many transactions of great violence, and the incalculable destinies of kings and princes, he might well sing:

“Again the times are out of joint; and again
For wine and the loved one’s languid glance I am fain.
The wheel of fortune’s sphere is a marvellous thing:
What next proud head to the lowly dust will it bring?
Or if my Magian elder kindle the light,
Whose lantern, pray, will blaze aflame and be bright?
’Tis a famous tale, the deceitfulness of earth;
The night is pregnant: what will dawn bring to birth?
Tumult and bloody battle rage in the plain:
Bring blood-red wine, and fill the goblet again!”

INTRODUCTION

2

It is said that in the year 770/1368–9 Hāfiẓ prepared a definitive edition of his poems. What truth there is in this tradition it is impossible now to decide; in any case we possess no manuscripts based upon this archetype; for all our transcriptions—they must surely run into many thousands scattered all over the world—probably go back ultimately to the edition put out after the poet's death by his friend Muḥammad Gulandām with a florid but singularly uninformative preface. Unless therefore the unexpected should happen, and beyond all reasonable hopes a manuscript or manuscripts turn up representing a tradition anterior to Gulandām's edition, we cannot get any nearer to the poems as Hāfiẓ himself wrote them than the text authorized after his death by a friend whose piety is unquestionable, but concerning whose scholarship and accuracy we are not in a position to form any judgement. The only other slight chance of escaping from this impasse, a slender one indeed, is to examine all the commentaries on the *Dīvān* (four in Persian and three in Turkish are known), every *takhmīs* or *tasdīs* (poems incorporating an ode of Hāfiẓ) composed by later poets,¹ and every *jung* (commonplace book) and *tadbkira* (biographies) in which Hāfiẓ is quoted, as well as every poem written since his time in which his verses are introduced by the figure known as *taḍmīn*; and it might well be found, at the end of all these labours, that we had still not progressed far beyond Gulandām.

Certainly well over a hundred printed or lithographed texts of Hāfiẓ have appeared, since the *editio princeps* issued by Upjohn's Calcutta press in 1791. Of these all but a very few represent a completely uncritical approach to the task of editorship. The best

¹ A *takhmīs* by Jamāl-i Lubnāni, a contemporary of Hāfiẓ, containing Brockhaus no. 59, was published by M. Minovi in *Rūzgār-i Nau*, vol. III, pt. i, pp. 43–4, using a British Museum manuscript dated 813–4/1410–1; the text there given has some remarkable variants not found in any copy of the *Dīvān*.

INTRODUCTION

European edition is no doubt that of H. Brockhaus (Leipzig, 1854–63) which is based on the recension of the Turkish commentator Sūdī (d. 1006/1598) and includes a considerable part of his commentary. Several critical texts have been prepared in recent years by Persian scholars; of these the most reliable is that published at Teheran in 1320/1941 under the editorship of Mirzā Muḥammad Qazvīnī, E. G. Browne's friend and the *doyen* of modern Persian studies, and Dr Qāsim Ghānī, whose valuable and comprehensive monograph on the life and times of Ḥāfiẓ has already been mentioned. The most serious drawback to this otherwise admirable and beautiful text—it is a reproduction of an excellent original written in calligraphic *nastā'līq*—is its deficient critical apparatus. As this text—referred to hereafter as MQ—is based on a comparison of no fewer than seventeen manuscripts, several of them exceedingly old, and has been made by two of the most eminent Persian scholars now living, I have not hesitated to use it in editing these selections. At the same time I have mentioned in the notes such textual variants as are to be found in the editions of Brockhaus (B), V. R. von Rosenzweig-Schwannau (3 vols., Vienna, 1858–64), called hereafter RS, Husain Pezhmān (=P, Teheran, 1318/1939), and (for a few poems, all so far published by this editor), Mas'ūd Farzād (=F).

The first and most fundamental problem attending the task of editing Ḥāfiẓ is to decide which of the poems attributed to him in the various manuscripts are genuine products of his pen. An indication of the complexity of this problem is provided by the following figures. The Calcutta 1791 edition contains 725 poems; Brockhaus printed 692; Pezhmān has 994 items, many of them marked as doubtful or definitely spurious. The editors of MQ have admitted 495 *ghazals* as unquestionably genuine, beside 3 *qaṣidas*, 2 *mathnavīs*, 34 occasional pieces (*muqatṭa'āt*) and 42 *rubā'īs*—a total of 573 poems. Their austere editorship causes a number of popular favourites (popular rather in India and Europe than in Persia) to disappear, perhaps the best known of them being the jingle *tāṣa ba-tāṣa nau ba-nau* which

INTRODUCTION

E. H. Palmer and Gertrude Bell made into pleasant English verses.

When the supposititious poems have been rejected, the next task is to determine what lines of each genuine poem are authentic; for very many of them have been inflated in the manuscripts, sometimes by as much as four or five couplets. This labour accomplished, it yet remains to establish the correct order of the lines of each poem—there is sometimes the wildest variation in this respect between the manuscripts. Finally, and in many ways most troublesome of all, we have to settle the innumerable problems of verbal variants.

There are a number of different reasons for this wide inconsistency between the manuscripts. To consider the spurious poems first: the explanation of this phenomenon is fairly simple; no doubt the prevailing cause is the desire of copyists at one stage or other of the transmission of the text to secure for their own inferior versifying an unmerited immortality by signing their products with Hāfiẓ' name. This is the conclusion reached by all scholars who have looked at the problem, and not only in connexion with Hāfiẓ; for it is a very prevalent malaise of Persian literature. But it seems reasonable to suppose that this does not tell the whole story. It may well be, in the first place, that other poets, possibly in Hāfiẓ' lifetime even, used the same pen-name as the great master; and that lyrics by them, quite innocently confounded with the poems of the supreme Hāfiẓ, have been diligently incorporated into the *Dīvān*. Again, it is not an impossible conjecture that, just as painters of great eminence in Persia are known to have signed the work of their pupils after making a few masterly retouches, so a celebrated poet would add to his income by teaching the craft to promising aspirants and would permit their “corrected” exercises to bear his name; he would be able during his lifetime to exclude such school specimens from the canon, but if they survived into later times there would be nothing but consummate literary taste to distinguish them from the poet's own work; and literary taste declined

INTRODUCTION

lamentably in the generations that followed Hāfiẓ, if indeed it ever existed to any marked extent among professional copyists. Lastly we have perhaps to reckon with a third group of spuria: poems written by Hāfiẓ himself—juvenilia and such-like—but rejected by him in the fastidiousness of his mature judgement. It would interest the scribe who worked for pay, especially if he had in prospect a wealthy but ill-educated patron, by dint of drawing on all these subsidiary sources to impress and please his master with “the largest and completest copy of Hāfiẓ’ poems yet assembled”; and so the evil tradition of an inflated text, once securely founded, would continue into later times and ultimately gain the deceptive respectability of age.

The phenomenon of obtrusive lines calls for a rather different diagnosis. The chief causes of this blemish seem to be twofold. First, we may conjecture that men of parts, while reading a good and uninflated manuscript of Hāfiẓ, might amuse themselves by noting in the margin verses of other poets, in the same metre and rhyme, which seemed to them comparable and apposite; these annotations would of course be incorporated by a later scribe into the body of the text. Secondly, it is highly likely—and there are numerous passages in the *Dīvān* which lend support to this supposition—that a considerable number of these extra lines go back to Hāfiẓ himself, and represent stages in his workmanship.

Verbal variants have their own variety of causes. Primarily there is the well-known carelessness of scribes, and, what is perhaps even more deplorable, their dishonesty; failing to understand a word or a phrase, they sometimes did not hesitate to bring their archetype within the range of their own limited comprehension. In the second place, these variants in many instances doubtless perpetuate the poet’s first, second, third, or even fourth thoughts.

The foregoing analysis is not, the reader must believe, mere speculation; it is based upon a wide experience of manuscripts and a considerable apprenticeship in the trade of editing oriental texts; and chapter and verse could readily be quoted to illustrate

INTRODUCTION

every variety of contrariety and corruption. But this book is not the place to assemble materials of that nature; and we will leave the subject with a recommendation that future editors of Hāfiẓ should exercise their scholarship, not unprofitably, by classifying according to their causes the outstanding variants in the codices.

It will be useful to conclude this section of the preface by giving a few notes on the more important of the manuscripts used in the edition of MQ, and described fully in the introductory remarks of Mīrzā Muḥammad. From these details it may be easier for the future editor of Hāfiẓ, when he comes to collate the best copies in Europe, to compare their merits with those of the finest manuscripts in Persia.

KH. MS. belonging to Saiyid ‘Abd al-Rahīm Khalkhālī, of Teheran. Dated 827/1424. Reproduced (with numerous errors) in Khalkhālī's edition of 1306/1927. Contains 495 *ghazals*; no preface or *qasīdas*. (Note: This is the oldest dated copy of the *Dīvān* hitherto reported. The next oldest are B=Bodleian copy dated 843/1439 and CB=Chester Beatty copy dated 853/1449. The British Museum has a *jung* dated 813–4/1410–1 which is reported by M. Minovi to contain about 110 *ghazals* of Hāfiẓ.)

NKH. MS. belonging formerly to Hājj Muḥammad Aqā-yi Nakhjawānī of Ādharbāijān, presented by him to Dr Qāsim Ghānī. Undated, ca. 850/1446. Contains 495 *ghazals*; no preface or *qasīdas*.

R. MS. belonging formerly to Aqā-yi Ismā‘il Mir’āt, presented by him to Dr Qāsim Ghānī. Undated, “very near the time of Hāfiẓ”. No preface or *qasīdas*.

[Note. Other old MSS. include the following. TM¹=copy dated 854/1450 in Majlis Library, Teheran. BM=British Museum copy dated 855/1451. BN=Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, copy dated 857/1453. TM²=Majlis Library, Teheran, copy dated 858/1454.]

INTRODUCTION

3

"I am very conscious that my appreciation of the poet is that of the Western. Exactly on what grounds he is appreciated in the East it is difficult to determine, and what his compatriots make of his teaching it is perhaps impossible to understand." So, fifty years ago, wrote Gertrude Bell, Hāfiẓ' most felicitous translator; and nothing has appeared in print in the West since to give a clearer picture to the inquirer. It is unfortunately true that in classical Persian literature, literary criticism never progressed beyond a certain stage; and while we have some admirable analyses of the tropes and figures that are accounted elegant in Persian poetry, and intricate accounts of the numerous metres, of appreciation in the Western sense we possess practically nothing. When it comes to assessing the respective merits of the poets, and explaining in what their particular virtues consist, the *tadbkira*-writers, our principal informants, are all too prone to indulge in a mixture of fulsome applause and verbal nebulosity, and that naturally does not take us very far.

Modern Persian writers have, however, gone a good way towards supplying the deficiencies of their predecessors; they have essayed to apply the canons of Western criticism to their national poets, so far as these can be applied; and we know now at least what Hāfiẓ' compatriots six centuries after think of his poetry. To help forward this aspect of our study within the limits proper to our present purpose, we offer a translation of extracts from the writings of two contemporary scholars, of undoubted authority, and thoroughly representative of the best modern Persian criticism.

(1) Ridā-zāda Shafaq, *Tārikh-i adabīyāt-i Irān* (Tehran, 1321/1942), pp. 332–6.

"With the fine sensitivity and acute susceptibility which irradiate the Khwāja's poetry, it is remarkable how this liberal-hearted poet preserved the strength and serenity of his poetic

INTRODUCTION

imagination in the face of the bloody events of his time. All Persia was in the throes of insurrection and conflict; Fārs, and Shīrāz itself, did not escape this battle; and Hāfiẓ with his own eyes witnessed the slaying of kings, the devastation of houses, the wars of pretenders, even the quarrels between members of a single family, such as for instance the Muẓaffarids; yet he seems to have regarded these events from some spiritual eminence as if they were the little waves of an ocean; his gaze was rather fixed on the unity of the ocean of nature, the meaning and purpose of the world. It is true that on occasion his mind rebelled, and in deep emotion he would say:

‘What is this anarchy that I see in the lunatic sphere? I see all horizons full of strife and sedition.’

But he always returned to his mental composure, and sought for tranquillity of heart in a world tumultuous beneath the wings of his broad, celestial thoughts.

“This mystical steadfastness of Hāfiẓ is apparent even in his *qasidas*; he belongs to that class of poets who rarely indulged in panegyric, was never guilty of hyperbole. He was not the man to flatter for flattery’s sake; he never surrendered his steadfastness of purpose. Though every prince in his turn was powerful and all-conquering, Hāfiẓ never debased his language, nor transgressed the bounds of legitimate applause. He did not hesitate on occasion to proffer counsel, reminding them in penetrating and moving verses of the truth that every man in the end gets his deserts, that fate rewards and punishes every act, and reckons king and beggar equal and alike.

“Hāfiẓ’ spiritual greatness and mental power proceeded from that mystical consciousness which in him attained perfection. That path of life of which Sanā’ī, ‘Aṭṭār, Jalāl al-Dīn and Sa’dī had spoken each in turn and in his own way, was by Hāfiẓ described in language that plumbs the depths of feeling and soars to the heights of expression. Subjects of which others had spoken in detail, in his choice, brief lyrics found better and sweeter

INTRODUCTION

treatment. So deeply immersed was he in the mystic unity, that in every ode and lyric, whatever its formal subject, he included one or more verses expressive of this lofty theme. This indeed is perhaps the greatest individual feature of Hāfiẓ' poetry; and it was by reason of this very immersion in the Unity that he had no time for the world's plurality, for differences of faith, and all vain disputes and enquiries:

'Excuse the war of all the seventy-two sects; as they have not seen the truth, they have plundered on the highway of legend.'

"Because he loved truth, sincerity and unity, Hāfiẓ railed against every manner of conflict and discord. He was especially pained and distressed by trifling quarrels and superficial differences, by the hypocrisy and imposture of false ascetics. He criticized bitterly those hypocritical Sūfīs who claimed to be following his own path but were in reality worldly men, parading their rags and making a display of their poverty. He had no desire to be numbered among them:

'The fire of deceit and hypocrisy will consume the barn of religion; Hāfiẓ, cast off this woollen cloak, and be gone!'

Perhaps in this respect, namely in detestation and revolt against hypocrisy and imposture, no other Persian poet has equalled Hāfiẓ.

"His true mastery is in the lyric (*ghazal*). In Hāfiẓ' hands the mystical lyric on the one hand reached the summit of eloquence and beauty, and on the other manifested a simplicity all its own. As we have already said, in short words he stated ideas mighty and subtle. Quite apart from the sweetness, simplicity and conciseness which are apparent in every lyric of Hāfiẓ, a spirit of genuine sincerity pervades every line. It is evident that the master's lyrics come straight from the heart; each poem is a subtle expression of the poet's innermost thoughts. It was by virtue of this same faith that the poet turned away and shrank from every kind of superficiality, that he rent to pieces the snare of trickery and deceit, and rejected the outward ornaments of the faiths and

INTRODUCTION

sects, upbraiding in his verses all hypocrites—shaikhs, ascetics and Sūfīs alike.

“Especially in his lyrics, Hāfiẓ in addition to the spark he borrowed from the fire of the *ghazals* of ‘Aṭṭār and Rūmī, also took something from the style of his own age. In this respect he shewed himself a disciple particularly of the style of such predecessors and contemporaries as Sa‘dī, Khwājū, Salmān-ī Sāvajī, Auḥadī and ‘Imād-i Faqīh; many of the master’s verses and lyrics are parallel to theirs. [The author here quotes a few examples of such parallelisms.] Yet for all this Hāfiẓ was by no means content to be a mere imitator: he had his own style, and imparted a new lustre to the words. If his poetry is more often quoted than that of Khwājū and Salmān, this is due not solely to his spirituality, his greatness and his mystical influence; its celebrity is explained in part by the sweetness of his melody and the fluency and firmness of his verse. The poet himself, with that fine talent, that subtlety of taste and gift of revelation which he indisputably possessed, was well aware of the merit of his own composition, and it was in full and sure belief that he said:

‘O Hāfiẓ, I have not seen anything lovelier than thy poetry;
(I swear it) by the Qur’ān thou hast in thy bosom.’

Indeed Hāfiẓ, with that high talent, spiritual subtlety, natural gift of language, minute meditation, mystical experience and passionate gnosis which were vouchsafed to him, evolved such a construction of words and a mingling of varied expressions and ideas that he created an independent style and characteristic form of mystical lyric; so much so that connoisseurs of Persian literature can immediately recognize his poetry and identify his accent.

“In addition to his inventive gift of weaving words together and giving ideas expression, Hāfiẓ used special words and technical terms which he himself innovated, or which, if already used by others, find ampler display in his vocabulary. Examples of these are the words *tāmāt* (idle talk), *kharābāt* (taverns), *mughbān* (Magians), *mughbachche* (young Magian), *khirqa* (mystic’s cloak),

INTRODUCTION

sâlûs (hypocrite), *pîr* (elder), *hâtif* (heavenly voice), *pîr-i mughân* (Magian elder), *girânân* (weighty ones), *raṭl-i girân* (bumper), *zannâr* (girdle), *sauma‘â* (monastery), *zâbid* (ascetic), *shâhid* (beauty), *tîlasmât* (talismans), *dair* (abbey, tavern), *kinisht* (church).

“In composing his poetry Hâfiż used various rhetorical figures such as *iħām* (amphibology), *murâ‘ât-i nażîr* (parallelism), *tajnîs* (play on words), *tashbîh* (simile) and the like, though he had a special partiality for *iħām*. [Some examples are quoted.] He borrowed some of the similes common to the poets, such as comparing the hair with unbelief, a chain, a hyacinth, a snare, a noose, a snake; the brow with a bow; the stature with a cypress; the face with a lamp, a rose, the moon; the mouth with a rosebud, a pistachio. But this kind of obvious artifice has not lessened the natural effect of his words. It is also possible to find in Hâfiż’ compositions allusions and proverbs derived from the popular language; for example, ‘beating the drum under the blanket’ as an allusion to hiding something which cannot be concealed, as in the following verse:

‘My heart is weary of hypocrisy and the drum under the blanket;
O happy moment, when I hoist the standard at the wine-tavern.’”

(2) Mirzâ Muhammâd Qazvînî, preface to Qâsim Ghâni, *Bâḥth dar āthâr u afkâr u abvâl-i Hâfiż*, vol. 1 (Tehran, 1321/1942), pp. iv–ix.

“I remember one day we were talking about the poets of Persia, and Dr Ghâni asked me whom I considered to be the greatest of them. ‘As is well known’, I replied, ‘poetry is made up of two elements—words, and meaning. The true poet and skilled artificer maintains a proper balance between the two factors of words and meaning, and does not exceed or fall short in respect of either. That is, he does not devote himself more than is necessary to beautifying his words and ornamenting his expressions, by employing elegant verbal artifices such as *tajnîs* (play on words), *ishtiqâq* (prosonomasia), *shibb-i ishtiqâq* (quasi-prosonomasia), *tarṣî‘* (correspondence), *takrîr* (repetition), *qalb* (anagram), *taṣbîf*

INTRODUCTION

(change of points), *tausbih* (acrostic), *siyāqat al-a'dād* (proposition of multiples), *luzūm mā lā yaṣam* (double rhyme), letters '*uṭl*' (unpointed) and *manqūṭ* (pointed), *muttaṣil* (joined) and *munfaṣil* (unjoined), and similar devices that are more like children's pastimes than rules governing elegant prose and poetry for serious men. Neither does the true poet so concern himself with refining his meaning by indulging in fine-spun fancies, involved ideas, highly abstruse similes and unintelligible references as to complicate his language and obscure his intention, making it necessary for the hearer to think hard guessing what he is driving at—such for example as characterizes the so-called 'Indian' poets. Moreover, he does not exaggerate the employment of such elegant artifices as *murā'at al-naṣīr* (parallelism), *tibāq* (matching), *ībām* (amphibology), *ibbām* (ambiguity), *tafrī'* (evolution), *istitrād* (feigning), *talmīh* (allusion), *jam'* (combination), *taqṣīm* (discrimination) and the like, to the point of overloading his expression and fatiguing the hearer.¹ It is obvious of course that the skilful use of any of these artifices, either singly or in combination with one or two others, contributes definitely to elegance of style; but when these devices are multiplied to excess, and above all when a number of them are crowded together in a single verse, or in close proximity, they produce an exceedingly artificial appearance and are in fact an affront to the very art of poetry; and they will end by wearying and exhausting the audience.

"If we study the works of all the Persian poets of the first class, attentively, it will become clear that every one of them, in addition to his own inborn faculty and God-given genius, has paid scrupulous observance to this point, namely, the maintenance of a balance between words and meanings, and the avoiding of excess or deficiency in either respect. Nevertheless one can divide them into two quite distinct and different groups.

"The first group consists of those poets whose style is quite simple and natural, free of all formal ornament and verbal

¹ For an explanation of these terms see E. G. Browne, *Literary History of Persia*, vol. II, pp. 47-82.

INTRODUCTION

decoration, devoid of every kind of artificiality and extravagance.... Prominent representatives of this school are, first, Firdausī, Khaiyām and Jalāl al-Dīn Rūmī; and secondly, most of the very old poets of the Ṣaffārid, Sāmānid and early Ghaznavid periods, such as Ḥanzala, Bādghīsī, Firūz-i Mashriqī, Abū 'l-Mu'ayyad-i Balkhī, Shahid-i Balkhī, Rūdakī, Abū Shukūr-i Balkhī, Daqīqī, Rābi'a-i Qizdarī-i Balkhī, Abū Ṭāhir-i Khisravānī, Shākir-i Bukhārī, Labibī, Zainatī-i 'Alavī, 'Imāra-i Marvazī, Manṭiqī-i Rāzī, Kisā'i-i Marvazī, and the like. Unhappily most of the poetry of these has been lost, but from what is preserved in the biographies and dictionaries and certain histories it is very clearly possible to conjecture that they were all very great poets of the first class....

"Most of the first class Persian poets from the fifth and sixth (11–12th) centuries down to the present day—such as Farrukhī, 'Asjadī, 'Unṣurī, Ghaḍā'irī, Minuchihrī, Mukhtārī, Lāmī'i-i Gur-gānī, Mas'ūd-i Sa'd-i Salmān, Sanā'ī, Mu'izzī, Adīb-i Ṣābir, Abū'l-Faraj-i Rūnī, Anvarī, Saiyid Ḥasan-i Ghaznavī, 'Am'aq-i Bukhārī, Khāqānī, Zāhir-i Fāryābī, Sharaf al-Dīn-i Shafurva, Jamāl al-Dīn Muḥammad ibn 'Abd al-Razzāq-i Iṣfahānī, his son Kamāl al-Dīn Ismā'il, Athīr-i Akhsikatī, Athīr-i Ūmānī, Shaikh 'Atṭār, Sa'dī, Ḥāfiẓ and Jāmī—are all of the same class of poets, different at most more or less in the degree to which they have observed the aforementioned points."

"After this statement, Dr Ghanī asked, 'Suppose for instance we now wish to choose from among all these masters of the first class, including every variety and group, moderns and ancients alike, and suppose we intend to exhibit before the world the greatest of them all—whom would you choose?'

"This was my answer. 'The reply to this question has been generally agreed on for centuries, and the problem has been finally disposed of. Despite all differences of individual inclination and preference, despite the general divergence of opinion entertained by people on most matters, practically all are agreed on this one question; that the greatest poets of the Persian language since the

INTRODUCTION

coming of Islam to the present time (each one in his special variety) are the six following—Firdausī, Khaiyām, Anvarī, Rūmī, Sa‘dī, Hāfiẓ. In my view, one can confidently add to these six the great philosopher Nāṣir-i Khusrau, since all the characteristic merits and artistic qualities that have established these six in the front rank of Persian poets are completely and in every respect present in the person of Nāṣir-i Khusrau....In my opinion Nāṣir-i Khusrau yields the palm to none of the six masters mentioned, with perhaps the possible exception of Hāfiẓ.'

"Again Dr Ghānī persisted in his inquisition. 'If,' he said, 'for the sake of example, some foreign country, say England, proposed to us that it was desired to erect a statue—in Hyde Park maybe—to the greatest poets of every nation on earth—the greatest, that is, by the general consensus of his compatriots—and that only one poet, and no more, was to be chosen by each nation; which of these six would you personally select as being in your view, and that of most men, the most truly poetical of the poets of Persia?'

"In my view,' I answered, 'and I think this view coincides with the opinion held by the great majority of Persian scholars, as well as by non-Persians who have either known Persian or become acquainted with Hāfiẓ through the medium of translations, it may be that out of all the Persian poets of the first class—I have already named a great number of them to my good friend, and I leave you to find the names of the rest in the biographies and anthologies—without any exception whatsoever, the man whose poems embrace and contain every beauty alike of language and meaning to be found in poetry, every quality of image and reality that exists in fine speech, and who is at the same time the most eloquent and melodious writer of every age, ancient and modern included, the man who, compared with all the poetic stars of the first magnitude, is as a shining sun—without any doubt or hesitation that man is Khwāja Shams al-Ḥaqq wa'l-Milla wa'l-Din Muḥammad Hāfiẓ-i Shīrāzī, may God sanctify his great soul! As another great poet, Jāmī, who was also almost his

INTRODUCTION

contemporary, declares in his *Bahāristān*, his poetry, with all its sweetness, delicacy, freshness, ease, elegance, flow, agreeableness and unaffectedness, is something very near a miracle; it is a just object of pride not only for Persians, it is a source of glory for all mankind.””

4

The origin of the art-form chosen by Hāfiẓ to be his particular medium is wrapped in the obscurity of age; it remains a fascinating problem for the researcher to discover what exact process of evolution led ultimately to the perfect type familiar to us in his poems. One theory points to the “erotic prelude” (*nasib*) which forms a constituent part of the characteristic ode of ancient Arabia, and suggests that in time this element was isolated into an independent unit, thus creating the *ghazal*. Alternatively it is argued that the *ghazal* is descended from some kind of lyrical poetry current in the courts of pre-Islamic Persia; but as no specimen of any such verse has been preserved this conjecture, attractive as it is, cannot command unconditional consent. What seems tolerably certain is that this form of poetry was always associated with music, that in fact it was designed to be sung; and it is natural to suppose that this very circumstance to a great extent determined the shape of the verses. It would be dangerous to place too much reliance on the references in classical Persian poetry to the sung poem at the palace of the old Persian kings, such for instance as the well-known passage in the *Khusrau u Shīrīn* of Niẓāmī where Bārbad is credited with composing to thirty varieties of melody whose names are given; but it would be equally dangerous to dismiss these references entirely as pure fiction. Perhaps we have in fact to deal here with multiple origins; the Persian *ghazal* may be a product of that cross-fertilization of Iranian genius by the imported culture of Arabia which produced so many remarkable manifestations of the human spirit.

Whatever the truth of this matter may be, we are on solid

INTRODUCTION

ground when we examine the Arabic lyrics of the 'Abbāsid age and declare that these are the models used, and improved upon, by the later Persian poets. Leaving aside the suggestion that this poetic form even in Arabic was introduced by Persian minstrels reviving at the court of the Caliphs a tradition founded by their ancestors at the court of the Chosroes, we do not lack for parallels in the poetry of the school of Abū Nuwās to the simple, unmystical lyric of the early Persian poets. The reader familiar with the Persian lyric would be hard put to it to say whether the originals of the following poems were written in Persian or Arabic; they were in fact all Arabic.

THE SOLITARY TOPER

I sat alone with the wine-cup lip to lip,
We whispered together, and made us mighty free:
Right merry a fellow is wine, when a man would sip
And there is none that will bear him company.
Oh, I quaffed and quaffed the cup to my heart's delight.
Myself the saki, myself the toper, and all;
And I swear that never did eye behold a sight
One half so charming, and so fair withal.
And all the while, lest the evil eye should see,
I breathed in the beaker magic and sorcery.

(ABŪ NUWĀS)

NIGHTS OF JOY

Ah, many the long night thou and I
Have passed at ease with the wine-crowned cup,
Till the red dawn gleamed in the night-dim sky
And the stars of morn in the east rose up,
And along the west the stars of night
Like defeated armies pressed their flight.

INTRODUCTION

Then the brightest of joys were ours to gain.
With never a care in the world to cloud,
And pleasure untouched by the hand of pain,
Were delight with eternal life endowed:
But alas! that even the fairest boon
Is doomed, like night, to be spent too soon.

(IBN ZAIDŪN)

WINE AND ROSES

“Bring wine!” I said;
But she that sped
Bore wine and roses beautiful.
Now from her lip
Sweet wine I sip,
And from her cheeks red roses pull.

(IBN ZAIDŪN)

FOUR THINGS

Four things there be that life impart
To soul, to body and to heart:—
A running stream, a flowered glade,
A jar of wine, a lovely maid.

(ABŪ NUWĀS)

THE FIRST KISS

I begged for a kiss, and she gave it me,
But with long refusal, and urging on.
Then I said, “T tormentor, generous be—
One more kiss, and my thirst is gone!”

She smiled, and spake me a proverb wise
Every Persian knows is true:

“Yield not one kiss to the young man’s sighs:
For the next he will plague and pester you!”

(ABŪ NUWĀS)

INTRODUCTION

A PRETTY JADE

'Tis a tender, pretty jade,
And my heart would fain possess her;
Never lovelier form was made—
Ask of them that can assess her!
God created her to be
A bane for poor mortality.

Pearls upon the air she flings
When her ruby lips are singing;
See her fingers on the strings,
Hear the rebec proudly ringing!
Cautiously I veil my sight
Lest her radiance blind me quite.

All my heart's desire is she:
O, that she might care for me!

(ABŪ NUWĀS)

These were the songs Rūdakī and his contemporaries knew when they fashioned the *ghazal* that was to become a peculiarly Persian form of poetry, and thereafter to exercise a profound influence on the poetry of Turkey and Muslim India. Unfortunately all but a few scattered quotations of these early Persian lyrics perished in the holocaust of the Mongol invasion, and what remains is far too insufficient to enable us to trace in detail the evolution of this art-form. We cannot say for certain when and by whom the convention of the *takhallus* (pen-name and signature) was created; Sanā'ī (d. c. 545/1150) used it freely, but not invariably; Farīd al-Dīn 'Attār (d. 627/1230) has it in all his lyrics (he signs himself sometimes 'Attār and sometimes Farīd); by the time of Sa'dī (d. 690-1/1291-2) the practice is thoroughly established. Similarly we cannot now determine the origins of the various conventional images of the Persian lyric—rose and nightingale, candle and moth, etc., etc.—and of all the familiar

INTRODUCTION

similes repeated with variations a thousand times by the classical poets. Here are subjects eminently suitable for further research; the researcher will need to extend his studies over the whole of Arabic as well as Persian lyrical poetry if he is to achieve anything like finality in his conclusions.

A further topic urgently requiring investigation—and this theme is particularly vital for the understanding and appraisal of Hāfiẓ' use of the lyric—is the development of the mystical connotation of the conventional figures. The tradition was certainly ancient in Hāfiẓ' time, and there are plentiful traces of it in the old Šūfī poetry in Arabic; while the celebrated Ibn al-Fārid (d. 632/1235) uses a fully developed system, as of course does Ibn ‘Arabī (d. 638/1240) in his poetry. In Persian we find the convention firmly established already in the lyrics of Sanā’ī, as the following examples shew.

LOVE'S PRISONER

Thy beauty is my being's breath,
Thy majesty my fond pride's death;
Where'er thou art, my sweetest fair,
All life's felicity is there.

Loving thy loveliness divine,
Thy smile more potent far than wine,
All languid as thy slumb'rous eye
Intoxicated here I lie.

Ah, but thy finger-tips to kiss—
That were a more than earthly bliss,
Which to achieve were greater gain
Than monarch o'er both worlds to reign.

Anguished I yearn thy lips to touch;
Was ever heart's distraction such?—
A heart held firm and motionless
A prisoner of thy scented tress.

INTRODUCTION

Thy mouth, the huntsman of my mind,
Plots with thy locks my heart to bind;
And how shall time unspring the snare
That keeps me fast and fettered there?

ROSES BLOOM

The nightingale hath no repose
For joy that ruby blooms the rose;
Long time it is that Philomel
Hath loved like me the rosy dell.

’Tis sure no wonder if I sing
Both night and day my fair sweeting:
Let me be slave to that bird’s tongue
Who late the rose’s praise hath sung.

O saki, when the days commence
Of ruby roses, abstinence
By none is charged: then pour me wine
Like yonder rose incarnadine.

LOVE’S OCEAN

Moslems all! I love that idol
With a true and jealous zeal;
Not for dalliance, but bewildered
In amazement here I kneel.

What is Love? A mighty ocean,
And of flame its waters are,
Waters that are very mountains,
Black as night, and swarming far.

Dragons fierce and full of terror
Crouch upon its waveswept rim,
While a myriad sharks of judgement
In its swelling billows swim.

INTRODUCTION

Grief the barque that sails those waters,
Fortitude its anchor is,
And its mast is bent and tossing
To the gale's catastrophes.

Me they cast in sudden transport
Into that unfathomed sea
Like a man of noble spirit
Garmented in sanctity.

I was dead; the waters drowned me;
Lo, the marvel, now I live
And have found a gem more precious
Than the treasured worlds can give.

It is beyond the scope of this fragmentary study to trace the development of the mystical *ghazal* in the writings of 'Aṭṭār, Rūmī, Sa'dī, 'Irāqī and the rest of Hāfiẓ' predecessors; and we must regretfully leave the full investigation of this fascinating subject to another occasion, or another inquirer.

5

Hāfiẓ found in the *ghazal* a well-developed art-form; it had been an instrument of many famous poets, each of whom had contributed in his turn something towards its evolution. Limited by circumstance and tradition to a comparatively short length convenient for singing, it had begun its life as a poem of love and wine; the Ṣūfīs had exploited its libertine reputation in their quest for worldly shame, until the allegory had come finally to dominate the simple reality. This new treatment of the form, that must have seemed startlingly novel at first, was not long in fossilizing into a hard convention; the miraculous facility of Sa'dī's style might well have rendered further development impossible. The problem

INTRODUCTION

Hāfiẓ faced was similar in its own way to that which confronted Beethoven—how to improve upon the apparently perfect and final; Hāfiẓ' solution was no less brilliantly original than Beethoven's.

Just as Beethoven's earliest compositions strikingly resemble the mature Haydn, so Hāfiẓ in his first period is perfect Sa'dī. It is only natural to suppose that the young poet was captivated by the legend of the most famous singer Shīrāz had ever produced; he must have been eager to learn every detail of his fame from the lips of those still living who had seen and heard him; to his youthful spirit it may well have seemed the acme of ambition to imitate his flawless style. Though his editor Gulandām, by following the tradition of arranging his poems alphabetically according to rhyme, destroyed all vestiges of a chronological sequence, it is still possible within certain limits to assign the *ghazals* to definite periods in the poet's life; further research will doubtless establish a more exact precision in this respect than we have yet achieved.

The outstanding characteristic of the poems of Hāfiẓ' first period is that each deals with a single theme. This theme is elaborated to the poet's content and satisfaction; but he does not introduce—as he always did later—a second or a third theme to combine with the first; much less (as we find increasingly in the last period) does he make brief and fragmentary references to themes (for it was only after his fame had been established and his style become known that he could afford such refinements and be confident of remaining intelligible). A second point to note in the early poems is the complete absence of that distinctive philosophy which is the invariable accompaniment of his mature compositions: what may be epitomized as the doctrine of unreason, the poet's final answer to the inscrutability of fate, the utter incapacity of man to master the riddle of the universe. Thirdly, and as a natural corollary of the preceding point, we find in these products of early manhood very little of the Ṣūfī allegory—love in them is human love, wine is the red wine of

INTRODUCTION

the grape. In the present selection this early period seems to be represented by nos. 10, 16, 26, 27, 30, 49.

Hāfiẓ' second or middle period is marked by two important developments, the one relating to "words" and the other to "meaning" (to borrow the terminology of the Persian critics). The poet has found the escape for which he had been looking to rescue him from the impasse of Sa'dī's technical perfection. Hitherto the *ghazal* had treated only one theme at a time, and had measured perfection in relation to the variations composed upon that single subject. In the works of many of the older poets (and Sa'dī himself is not wholly exempt from this fault), the interest and ingenuity of the variations tended often to overshadow the significance of the theme itself; as a result the poem would cease to be an artistic unity; it would grow longer and longer; and there would be little difficulty for the critic actually to improve upon the poet's performance by pruning away the luxuriance of his imagination. Even in his younger days Hāfiẓ had always possessed too fine a critical sense to sacrifice unity on the altar of virtuosity; the new technique which he now invented depended wholly for success upon a rigid artistic discipline and an overwhelming feeling for shape and form.

The development in "words" (or, as we should say, poetic technique) invented by Hāfiẓ was the wholly revolutionary idea that a *ghazal* may treat of two or more themes, and yet retain its unity; the method he discovered might be described (to borrow a term from another art) as contrapuntal. The themes could be wholly unrelated to each other, even apparently incongruous; their alternating treatment would be designed to resolve the discords into a final satisfying harmony. As the poet acquired more and more experience of his new technique he was able to introduce further exciting innovations. It was not necessary to develop a theme to its logical conclusion at all; fragments of themes could be worked into the composition without damage to the resulting unity. It was the more easy to accomplish these experiments because convention had produced a regular repertory

INTRODUCTION

of themes—to which Hāfiẓ added a few of his own creation—and the audience would immediately recognize a familiar subject from the barest reference to it.

This brings us to Hāfiẓ' second development, that in “meaning”. We have referred already (and shall refer frequently in the notes) to what we have called his philosophy of unreason, which constitutes the central core of the poet's message. It is not of course suggested that Hāfiẓ was the first Persian to discover, or to teach, that life is an insoluble mystery; the doctrine is implicit in the pessimism of ‘Umar Khaiyām, the mysticism of Rūmī, even the pragmatism of Sa‘dī; its roots are deeply grounded in both Neoplatonism and the transcendental theism of the Qur’ān, those twain fountain-heads of Ṣūfī theosophy. What Hāfiẓ did was rather to isolate this element from the mass of related and unrelated matter in which he found it embedded, and to put it forward as the focal point from which all theory, and all experience too, radiated. It was his justification for rejecting alike philosophy and theology, mosque and cloister, legalistic righteousness and organized mysticism; it enabled him to profess his solidarity with the “intoxicated” Ṣūfī like martyred Hallāj, and to revive the dangerous antinomianism of the Malāmatīs; but above all it provided him with a spiritual stronghold out of which he could view with serene equanimity, if not with indifference, the utterly confused and irrational world in which it was his destiny to live. Indeed it is scarcely surprising that Hāfiẓ should have found his only comfort in this doctrine, for the events he witnessed, and still more the events of which he must have heard all too much in his childhood—the Mongol devastations and massacres—were sufficient to shatter all belief in a reasonable universe, and to encourage the most pessimistic estimate of the significance of the individual life. We who have witnessed two world-wide wars, and have survived into what the journalists so appositely call the atomic age, are well placed to understand Hāfiẓ, and to appreciate the motives underlying his doctrine of intellectual nihilism. We can even understand how profoundly his philosophy differs from

INTRODUCTION

the hearty hedonism with which it has sometimes been founded; the world's tragedy is too profound to be forgotten in thinking mirth; and man for all his littleness and incapacity not be unequal to the burden of sorrow and perplexity he is cast upon to shoulder. Indeed, by abandoning the frail defence of intellectual reason and yielding himself wholly to the overwhelming forces of the spirit that surround him, by giving up the stubborn intervening "I" in absolute surrender to the infinite "thou", will out of his abject weakness rise to strength unmeasured, the precious moments of unveiled vision he will perceive truth that resolves all vexing problems, and win a memory that sustains him when the inevitable shadows close about him more.

The middle period of Hāfiẓ' artistic life—the period of greatest productivity—was devoted to the working out of the two developments and their exploitation in a wide variety of forms. It should be remembered that all the time the poet was under the necessity of earning a livelihood; and this aspect of poetry should not be neglected in any broad review. The power of patrons, and the poet's own self-applause, are readily explained by the hard circumstances of his life, even if to Western taste they form the least attractive features of his work. In any case Persian critics have justly remarked, patron-flattery plays a smaller part in Hāfiẓ' poetry than in that of any other court-minstrel, and his panegyric has little of the extravagance that characterizes so much of Persian literature.

The salient feature of the third and last period of Hāfiẓ' verse is an increasing austerity of style, coupled with a growing tendency towards obscurity and allusiveness. It is as though the poet, growing weary, or perhaps feeling a distaste for the display of virtuosity; and having established his philosophy and perfected his technique, he was now experimenting in a sort of surrealist treatment of the *ghazal*. The poems of this period are comparatively few in number, but they are in many ways the poet's most interesting productions; they will repay extended study, for

INTRODUCTION

are quite unique in Persian literature, and have perhaps never been fully understood and appreciated; certainly no later poet seems to have attempted to continue these final experiments of the master craftsman. In this selection the third period is probably represented by nos. 15, 20, 33, 42, 46, 47.

6

If the analysis of Hāfiẓ' style given in the preceding section is anywhere near the truth—and the reader must be advised that no such reconstruction has, so far as the writer is aware, previously appeared in print—it necessarily follows that future translators of the poet will need an entirely fresh approach to their task from that which seems to have satisfied all his previous interpreters. To give an account of the methods followed by these interpreters, and of how they qualified for their undertaking, would expand these prefatory remarks unduly; their products, or typical specimens of them, may be studied here side by side with the originals; for the rest, the enquirer may if he desires consult three short articles contributed by the writer to the Persian periodical *Rūzgār-i Nau* (vol. iv, pt. 1, pp. 82–7; pt. 2, pp. 52–5; pt. 3, pp. 41–5), as well as a monograph published in *Islamic Culture* (April–July, 1946).

In the new versions offered here for the first time the attempt has been made to apply the new approach to Hāfiẓ to the task of translation. These versions are in the nature of an experiment, and are by no means uniform in design; it is hoped that they may serve their purpose of stimulating further trials. From what has been said it will be apparent that Hāfiẓ presents unusually difficult, if not insoluble, problems to the translator; these problems have not deterred the bold in the past, and they will assuredly not discourage the adventurous in the future.

There is one form of translation which appears to have written its own epitaph: this is the attempt, first made by Walter Leaf in twenty-eight versions, and then applied with indomitable industry

INTRODUCTION

by John Payne to the whole *Dīvān*, to imitate both the monorhyme and the complicated metrical schemes of the original Persian. It is abundantly obvious now—and should have been before the experiment was ever made—that Persian rhymes and rhythms are entirely inimitable in English; and that it is doing the poet a grave disservice to use his masterly works as a laboratory for the display of perverse ingenuity. *Sic pereant omnes!*

A list follows of the books from which the translations here reproduced are culled; and acknowledgments are hereby made, and grateful thanks expressed, alike to translators and publishers who first put them into print. Hāfiẓ has had many admiring interpreters in English, more than any other Persian poet; perhaps from his abode of everlasting bliss he will look down kindly upon the islands of the western seas, so remote from his beloved homeland, and be pleased that the two peoples who have given finer lyrics to the world than any other should in him (as in others of his tongue) find a common bond of interest and of friendship.

1771. William Jones, *A Grammar of the Persian Language*.
1774. John Richardson, *A Specimen of Persian Poetry*.
1785. Thomas Law in *Asiatick Miscellany*, vol. I. Calcutta.
1786. H. H. in *Asiatick Miscellany*, vol. II. Calcutta.
1787. John Nott, *Select Odes from the Persian poet Hafez*.
1800. John Haddon Hindley, *Persian Lyrics; or, scattered poems from the Diwan-i-Hafiz*.
1875. Hermann Bicknell, *Hafiz of Shiraz*.
1877. Edward Henry Palmer, *The Song of the Reed and Other Pieces*.
1897. Gertrude Lowthian Bell, *Poems from the Divan of Hafiz*. (William Heinemann, Ltd.)
1898. Walter Leaf, *Versions from Hafiz*, an essay in Persian metre. (Alexander Moring, Ltd.)
1901. John Payne, *The Poems of Shemseddin Mohammed Hafiz of Shiraz*. (Villon Society: for private circulation only.)
1905. Richard Le Gallienne, *Odes from the Divan of Hafiz*. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston, U.S.A.)
1921. Elizabeth Bridges (Elizabeth Daryush), *Sonnets from Hafez and other Verses*. (O.U.P.)
1923. Reuben Levy, *Persian Literature, an introduction*. (O.U.P.)

TEXTS

۱ عشق آسان نمود اقل

اًلا يا أَيْهَا السَّاقِ أَدْرِ كَأسًا وَنَاوِلُهَا
كَهْ عَشْقِ آسَانِ نَمُودِ اَقْلِ وَلِ اَفْتَادِ مَشَكَلُهَا
بَبُوِيْ نَافَةِ كَاهْرِ صَبا زَانِ طَرَهِ بَغْشَايِدِ
زَ تَابِ جَعْدِ مشَكِينِشِ چَهِ خُونِ اَفْتَادِ دَرِ دَلَهَا
مَرَا دَرِ مَنْزَلِ جَانَانِ چَهِ اَمَنِ عَيْشِ چَوْنِ هَرِ دَمِ
جَرَسِ فَرِيَادِ مِيدَارَدِ كَهِ بَرِ بَنْديَدِ مَحْمَلُهَا
بَمِ سَجَادَهِ رَنْگَيْنِ كَنْ گَرْتِ پَيرِ مَغَانِ گَويَدِ
كَهِ سَالَكِ يَيْخَبَرِ نَبُودِ زَ رَاهِ وَ رَسِ مَنْزَلَهَا
شَبِ تَارِيكِ وَ بَيمِ مَوِيجِ وَ گَرْدَابِيِ چَنَينِ هَايِلِ
كَجا دَانَندِ حَالِ ما سَبَكَبارَانِ سَاحَلُهَا
هَمَهِ كَارِمِ زَ خَوَدَكَامِ بَيدَنَامِ كَشِيدِ آخرِ
نَهَانِ كَيْ مَانَدِ آنِ رَازِيَ كَزو سَازَنَدِ مَحْفَلُهَا
حَضُورِيَ گَرِ هَمِي خَواهِي اَزو خَايِبِ مشَوِ حَافَظِ
مَتِي مَا تَلَقَ منْ تَهْوَى دَعِ الدَّنِيَا وَأَهْمَلُهَا

اگر آن ترک شیرازی بدست آرد دل مارا
بنحال هندویش بخشم سمرقند و بخارارا

بده ساق می باق که در جنت نخواهی یافت
کنار آب رکناباد و گلگشت مصلّارا

فغان کاین لولیان شوخ شیرین کار شهرآشوب
چنان بردند صبر از دل که ترکان خوان یغمارا

ز عشق ناتمام ما جمال یار مستغنى است
باپ و رنگ و خال و خط چه حاجت روی زیبارا

من از آن حسن روزافزون که یوسف داشت دانستم
که عشق از پرده عصمت برون آرد زلیخارا

اگر دشنام فرمائی و گر نفرین دعا گویم
جواب تلخ میزید لب لعل شکرخارا

نصیحت گوش کن جانا که از جان دوستتر دارند
جوانان سعادتمند پند پیر دانارا

حدیث از مطرب و می گو و راز دهر کتر جو
که کس نگشود و نگشاید بحکمت این معما را

غزل گفتی و درستی بیا و خوش بخوان حافظ
که بر نظم تو افشارند فلک عقد ثریّارا

۴ صبا بلطف بگو

صبا بلطف بگو آن غزال رعنارا
که سر بکوه و بیابان تو داده مارا
شکر فروش که عمرش دراز باد چرا
تفقدی نکند طوطی شکر خارا
غورو حستت اجازت مگر نداد ای گل
که پرسشی نکنی عندلیب شیدارا
بنلق و لطف توان کرد صید اهل نظر
ببند و دام نگیرند مرغ دانارا
ندام از چه سبب رنگ آشنائی نیست
سهمی قدان سیه چشم ماه سیما را
چو با حبیب نشینی و باده پیمائی
بیاد دار محبان باد پیما را
جز این قدر نتوان گفت در جمال تو عیب
که وضع مهر و وفا نیست روی زیبارا
در آسمان نه عجب گر بگفته حافظ
سرود زهره برقص آورد مسیح ارا

هـ عهد شباب

رونق عهد شبابست دگر بستان را
میرسد مژده گل بلبل خوش الحان را

ای صبا گر بجوانان چن باز رسی
خدمت ما برسان سرو و گل و ریحان را

گر چنین جلوه کند مغبچه باده فروش
خاکروب در میخانه کنم مژگان را

ای که بر مه کشی از عنبر سارا چوگان
مضطرب حال مگردان من سرگردان را

ترسم این قوم که بر دردکشان میخندند
در سرکار خرابات کنند ایمان را

یار مردان خدا باش که در کشتی نوح
هست خاکی که بآبی نخرد طوفان را

برو از خانه گردون بدر و نان مطلب
کان سیه کاسه در آخر بکشد مهمان را

هر کرا خوابگه آخر مشتی خاکست
گو چه حاجت که با غلاك کشی ایوان را

ماه کنعانی من مسند مصر آن تو شد
وقت آنست که بدروع کنی زندان را

حافظا می خور و رندی کن و خوش باش ولی
دام تزویر مکن چون دگران قرآن را

۶ قصر امل

بیا که قصر امل سخت سست بنیادست
بیار باده که بنیاد عمر بر بادست
غلام همت آنم که زیر چرخ کبود
ز هر چه رنگ تعلق پذیرد آزاد است
چگویمت که بمیخانه دوش مست و خراب
سروش عالم غیم چه مژدها دادست
که ای بلند نظر شاهباز سدره نشین
نشیمن تو نه این کنج محنت آبادست
ترا ز کنگره عرش میزند صفیر
ندانست که در این دامگه چه افتادست
نصیحتی کنمت یاد گیر و در عمل آر
که این حدیث ز پیر طریقت یادست
غم جهان مخور و پند من مبر از یاد
که این لطیفه عشق ز رهروی یادست
رضای بداده بده وز چین گره بگشای
که بر من و تو در اختیار نگشادست
محبو درستی عهد از جهان سست نهاد
که این عجوز عروس هزار داما دست
نشان عهد و وفا نیست در تبسم گل
بنال بلبل بیدل که جای فریادست
حسد چه میری ای سست نظم بر حافظ
قبول خاطر و لطف سخن خدادادست

۷ صراحی در دست

زلف آشفته و خوی کرده و خندان لب و مست
پیرهن چاک و غزلخوان و صراحی در دست

نرگشش عربده جوی و لبس افسوس کنان
نیم شب دوش ببالین من آمد بنشست

سر فرا گوش من آورد بآواز حزین
گفت ای عاشق دیرینه من خوابت هست

عاشقی را که چنین باده شبگیر دهند
کافر عشق بود گر نبود باده پرست

برو ای زاهد و بر درد کشان خردۀ مگیر
که ندادند جز این تخفه بما روز است

آنجه او ریخت به پیمانه ما نوشیدیم
اگر از خمر بهشتست و گر باده مست

خنده جام می و زلف گره‌گیر نگار
ای بسا توبه که چون توبه حافظ بشکست

گل هرا ۸

شکفته شد گل هرا و گشت بلبل مست
صلای سرخوشی ای صوفیان باده پرست
اساس توبه که در محکمی چو سنگ نمود
بین که جام زجاجی چه طرفه اش بشکست
بیار باده که در بارگاه استغنا
چه پاسبان و چه سلطان چه هوشیار و چه مست
ازین رباط دو در چون ضرورتست رحیل
رواق و طاق معیشت چه سر بلند و چه پست
مقام عیش میسر نمیشود بی رنج
بلی بحکم بلا بسته اند عهد الاست
بهست و نیست مرنجان ضمیر و خوش میباش
که نیستیست سرانجام هر کمال که هست
شکوه آصفی و اسب باد و منطق طیر
بباد رفت و ازو خواجه هیچ طرف نبست
ببال و پر مرو از رو که تیر پرتایی
هوا گرفت زمانی ولی بخاک نشست
زبان کلک تو حافظ چه شکر آن گوید
که گفته سخت میبرند دست بدست

گل در برق و می بر کف و معشوق بکامست
 سلطان جهانم بچنین روز غلامست
 گوشمع میارید درین جم که امشب
 در مجلس ما ماه رخ دوست تمامست
 در مذهب ما باده حلالست ولیکن
 بی روی تو ای سرو گل اندام حرامست
 گوشم همه بر قول نی و نغمه چنگست
 چشم همه بر لعل لب و گردش جامست
 در مجلس ما عطر میامیز که مارا
 هر لحظه ز گیسوی تو خوشبوی مشامت
 از چاشنی قند مگو هیچ وز شگر
 رآنرو که مرا از لب شیرین تو کامست
 تا گنج غمت در دل ویرانه مقیمت
 همواره مرا کوی خرابات مقامست
 از ننگ چه گوئی که مرا نام ز ننگست
 وز نام چه پرسی که مرا ننگ ز نامست
 میخواره و سرگشته و رندیم و نظرباراز
 وانکس که چو ما نیست درین شهر کدامست
 با مختصیم عیب مگوئید که او نیز
 پیوسته چو ما در طلب عیش مدامست
 حافظ منشین بی می و معشوق زمانی
 کایام گل و یاسمن و عید صیامست

۱۰ صبا اگر گذری

صبا اگر گذری افتدت بکشور دوست
بیار نفحة از گیسوی معنبر دوست
بجان او که بشکرانه جان بر افشانم
اگر بسوی من آری پیامی از بر دوست
و گر چنانکه دران حضرت نباشد بار
برای دیده بیاور غباری از در دوست
من گدا و تمنای وصل او هیهات
مگر بخواب بینم خیال منظر دوست
دل صنوبریم همچو بید لرزانست
ز حسرت قد و بالای چون صنوبر دوست
اگرچه دوست بچیزی نمیخرد مارا
عالی نفوشیم موئی از سر دوست
چه باشد ارشود از بند غم دلش آزاد
چو هست حافظ مسکین غلام و چاکر دوست

صیحدم مرغ چن با گل نوخاسته گفت
 ناز کم کن که درین باغ بسی چون تو شکفت
 گل بخندید که از راست نرنجیم ولی
 هیچ عاشق سخن سخت بمشوق نگفت

گر طمع داری از آن جام مرصع می لعل
 ای بسا در که بنوک مژهات باید سفت
 تا ابد بوی محبت بمشايش نرسد
 هر که خاک در میخانه برخساره نرفت

در گستان ارم دوش چواز لطف هوا
 زلف سنبل بنسیم سحری می آشافت
 گفتم ای مستند جم جام جهان بینت کو
 گفت افسوس که آن دولت بیدار بخفت

سخن عشق نه آنست که آید بزبان
 ساقیا می ده و کوتاه کن این گفت و شنفت
 اشک حافظ خرد و صبر بدريا انداخت
 چکند سوز غم عشق نیارست نهفت

ای هدهد صبا بسبا می فرستمت
 بنگر که از کجا بکجا می فرستمت
 حیفست طایری چو تو در خاکدان غم
 زاینجا باشیان وفا می فرستمت
 در راه عشق مرحله قرب و بعد نیست
 می بینمت عیان و دعا می فرستمت
 هر صبح و شام قافله از دعای خیر
 در صحبت شمال و صبا می فرستمت
 تا لشکر غم نکند ملک دل خراب
 جان عزیز خود بنوا می فرستمت
 ای غایب از نظر که شدی همنشین دل
 میگوییمت دعا و ثنا می فرستمت
 در روی خود تفرّج صنع خدای کن
 کایینه خدای نما می فرستمت
 تا مطریان ز شوق منت آگهی دهنده
 قول و غزل بساز و نوا می فرستمت
 ساق بیا که هاتف غیم بمژده گفت
 با درد صبر کن که دوا می فرستمت
 حافظ سرود مجلس ما ذکر خیر تست
 بشتاب هان که اسب و قبا می فرستمت

شراب و عیش نهان چیست کار بی بنیاد
 زدیم بر صف رندان و هرچه بادا باد
 گره ز دل بگشا وز سپهر یاد مکن
 که فکر هیچ مهندس چنین گره نگشاد
 ز اقلاب زمانه محب مدار که چرخ
 ازین فسانه هزاران هزار دارد یاد
 قدح بشرط ادب گیر زانکه ترکیش
 ز کاسه سر جشید و بهمنست و قباد
 که آگهست که کاوس و کی کجا رفتند
 که واقفست که چون رفت تخت جم بر باد
 ز حسرت لب شیرین هنوز می بینم
 که لاله میدم از خون دیده فرhad
 مگر که لاله بدانست بیوفائی دهر
 که تا بزاد و بشد جام می زکف نهاد
 بیا بیا که زبانی ز می خراب شویم
 مگر رسیم بگنجی در این خراب آباد
 نمیدهنند اجازت مرا بسیر سفر
 نسیم باد مصلّا و آب رکناباد
 قدح مگیر چو حافظ مگر بناله چنگ
 که بسته‌اند بر ابریشم طرب دل شاد

یاد باد آن روزگاران یاد باد
 بانگ نوش شاد خواران یاد باد
 از من ایشانرا هزاران یاد باد
 کوشش آن حق گزاران یاد باد
 زنده رود باعث کاران یاد باد
 ای دریغا رازداران یاد باد

روز وصل دوستداران یاد باد
 کام از تلخی غم چون زهر گشت
 گرچه یاران فارغند از یاد من
 مبتلا گشم درین بند و بلا
 گرچه صد رودست در چشم مدام
 راز حافظ بعد ازین ناگفته ماند

سالها دل طلب جام جم از ما میکرد
 وانچه خود داشت ز بیگانه تمنا میکرد
 گوهری کز صدف کون و مکان بیرونست
 طلب از گم شدگان لب دریا میکرد
 مشکل خویش بر پیر مغان بدم دوش
 کو بتایید نظر حل معما میکرد
 دیدمش خرم و خندان قبح باده بدست
 واندران آینه صد گونه تماشا میکرد
 گفتم این جام جهان بین بتو کی داد حکیم
 گفت آنروز که این گنبد مینا میکرد
 بیلی در همه احوال خدا با او بود
 او نمیدیدش و از دور خدارا میکرد
 این همه شعبدۀ خویش که میکرد اینجا
 سامری پیش عصا و ید بیضا میکرد
 گفت آن یار کزو گشت سر دار بلند
 جرمش این بود که اسرار هویدا میکرد
 فیض روح القدس ار باز مدد فرماید
 دیگران هم بگنبد آنچه مسیح‌ها میکرد
 گفتش سلسلۀ زلف بتان از پی چیست
 گفت حافظ گله از دل شیدا میکرد

۱۶ قدح بدلست

یارم چو قدح بدلست گیرد
 هر کس که بدید چشم او گفت
 در بحر فتاده ام چو ماهی
 در پاش فتاده ام بزاری
 خرم دل آنکه همچو حافظ
 بازار بتان شکست گیرد
 کو محتسبی که مست گیرد
 تا یار مرا بشست گیرد
 آیا بود آنکه دست گیرد
 جای زمی است گیرد

۱۷ دمی با غم بسر بردن

دمی با غم بسر بردن جهان یکسر نمی ارزد
 بمی بفروش دلق ما کزین بهتر نمی ارزد
 بکوی می فروشانش بجامی بر نیگیرند
 زهی سجاده تقوی که یک ساغر نمی ارزد
 رقیم سرزنشها کرد کز این باب رخ برتاب
 چه افتاد این سر مارا که خاک در نمی ارزد
 شکوه تاج سلطانی که بیم جان درو درجست
 کلاهی دلکش است اما بترك سر نمی ارزد
 چه آسان می نمود اول غم دریا ببوی سود
 غلط کردم که این طوفان بصد گوهر نمی ارزد
 ترا آن به که روی خود ز مشتاقان بپوشانی
 که شادی جهانگیری غم لشکر نمی ارزد
 چو حافظ در قناعت کوش واز دنی دون بگذر
 که یک جو مت دونان بصد من زر نمی ارزد

غلام نرگس مست تو تاجداراند
 خراب باده لعل تو هوشیاراند
 ترا صبا و مرا آب دیده شد غمّاز
 و گر نه عاشق و معشوق رازداراند
 ز زیر زلف دوتا چون گذر کنی بنگر
 که از بین و یسارت چه سوکواراند
 گذار کن چو صبا بر بنفسه زار و بین
 که از تطاول زلفت چه بیقراراند
 نصیب ماست بهشت ای خداشناس برو
 که مستحق کرامت گناه کاراند
 نه من بر آن کل عارض غزل سرایم و بس
 که عنديليب تو از هر طرف هزاراند
 تو دستگیر شو ای خضر پی خجسته که من
 پیاده میروم و همراهان سواراند
 بیا بمیکده و چهره ارغوانی کن
 مرو بصومعه کانجا سیاه کاراند
 خلاص حافظ از آن زلف تابدار مباد
 که بستگان کند تو رستگاراند

دوش دیدم که ملائک در میخانه زدند
 کل آدم بسرشتند و به پیمانه زدند
 ساکنان حرم ستر و عفاف ملکوت
 با من راه نشین باده مستانه زدند
 آسمان بار امانت نتوانست کشید
 قرعه کار بنام من دیوانه زدند
 جنگ هفتاد و دو ملت همه را عذر بنه
 چون بدیدند حقیقت ره افسانه زدند
 شکر ایزد که میان من و او صلح افتاد
 صوفیان رقص کنان ساغر شکرانه زدند
 آتش آن نیست که بر شعله آن خندد شمع
 آتش آنست که در خرم پروانه زدند
 کس چو حافظ نگشاد از رخ اندیشه نقاب
 تا سر زلف سخن را بقلم شانه زدند

گفتم کیم دهان و لبت کامران کنند

گفتا بچشم هر چه تو گوئی چنان کنند

گفتم خراج مصر طلب میکند لبт

گفتا درین معامله کتر زیان کنند

گفتم بنقطه دهنت خود که برد راه

گفت این حکایتیست که با نکته دان کنند

گفتم صنم پرست مشو با صمد نشین

گفتا به کوی عشق همین و همان کنند

گفتم هوای میکده غم سیرد ز دل

گفتا خوش آن کسان که دلی شادمان کنند

گفتم شراب و خرقه نه آین مذهبست

گفت این عمل به مذهب پیر مغان کنند

گفتم ز لعل نوش لبان پیر را چه سود

گفتا ببوسۀ شکرینش جوان کنند

گفتم که خواجه کی بسر حمله میرود

گفت آنرا که مشتری و مه قران کنند

گفتم دعای دولت او ورد حافظ است

گفت این دعا ملايك هفت آسمان کنند

ساق حديث سرو و کل و لاله میرود
 وین بحث با ثلاثة غساله میرود
 می ده که نو عروس چمن حدّ حسن یافت
 کار این زمان ز صنعت دلّاله میرود
 شگرشکن شوند همه طوطیان هند
 زین قند پارسی که به بنگاله میرود
 طی مکان بین و زمان درسلوک شعر
 کاین طفل یکشبه ره یکساله میرود
 آن چشم جادوانه عابد فریب بین
 کش کاروان سحر ز دنباله میرود
 از ره مرو بعشوءه دنیا که این عجوز
 مگاره می نشیند و معتاله میرود
 باد بهار می وزد از گلستان شاه
 وز ژاله باده در قدح لاله میرود
 حافظ ز شوق مجلس سلطان غیاث دین
 غافل مشو که کار تو از ناله میرود

کنون که در چن آمد گل از عدم بوجود
بنفسه در قدم او نهاد سر بسجود

بنوش جام صبوحی بناله دف و چنگ
ببوس غبیب ساق بنغمهٔ نی و عود

بدور گل منشین بی شراب و شاهد و چنگ
که همچو روز بقا هفتة بود معدود

شد از خروج ریاحین چو آسمان روشن
زمین باختر میمون و طالع مسعود

ز دست شاهد نازک عذر عیسیٰ دم
شراب نوش و رها کن حدیث عاد و ثمود

جهان چو خلد برین شد بدور سوسن و گل
ولی چه سود که در روی نه ممکنست خلود

چو گل سوار شود بر هوا سلیمان وار
سر که مرغ درآید بنغمهٔ داود

بیاغ تازه کن آین دین زردشتی
کنون که لاله بر افروخت آتش نمرود

بغواه جام صبوحی بیاد آصف عهد
وزیر ملک سلیمان عmad دین محمود

بود که مجلس حافظ بیمن تریتیش
هر آنچه می‌طلبد جمله باشدش موجود

چو آفتاب می از مشرق پیاله برآید
 ز باغ عارض ساق هزار لاله برآید
 نسیم در سر گل بشکند کلاله سنبل
 چو از میان چن بوی آن کلاله برآید
 حکایت شب هجران نه آن حکایت حالیست
 که شمه زیانش بصد رساله برآید
 زگرد خوان نگون فلك طمع نتوان داشت
 که بی ملات صد غصه یک نواله برآید
 بسعی خود نتوان برد بی بگوهر مقصود
 خیال باشد کاین کار بی حواله برآید
 گرت چو نوح نبی صبر هست در غم طوفان
 بلا بگردد و کام هزار ساله برآید
 نسیم زلف تو چون بگذرد بتربت حافظ
 ز خاک کالبدش صد هزار لاله برآید

دست از طلب ندارم تا کام من برآید
یا تن رسد بجهانان یا جان زتن برآید

بگشای تربتم را بعد از وفات و بنگر
کِز آتش درونم دود از کفن برآید

بنمای رخ که خلقی واله شوند و حیران
بگشای لب که فریاد از مرد و زن برآید

جان بر لبست و حسرت در دل که از لبانش
نگرفته هیچ کمی جان از بدن برآید

از حسرت دهانش آمد بتنگ جانم
خود کام تنگستان کی زان دهن برآید

گویند ذکر خیرش در خیل عشق بازان
هرجا که نام حافظ در انجمن برآید

دیگر ز شاخ سرو سهی بلبل صبور
 گلبانگ زد که چشم بد از روی گل بدور
 ای گل بشکر آنکه توئی پادشاه حسن
 با ببلان بیدل شیدا مکن غرور
 از دست غیبت تو شکایت نمیکنم
 تا نیست غیبی نبود لدّت حضور
 گر دیگران بعيش و طرب خرمند و شاد
 مارا غم نگار بود ماية سرور
 زاهد اگر بحور و قصورست امیدوار
 مارا شرابخانه قصورست و یار حور
 می خور بیانگ چنگ و نخور غصه و رکسی
 گوید ترا که باده خور گو هو الغفور
 حافظ شکایت از غم هگران چه میکنی
 در هگر وصل باشد و در ظلمتست نور

زهر هبری چشیده ام که مپرس
 دلبری بر گزیده ام که مپرس
 میرود آب دیده ام که مپرس
 سخنانی شنیده ام که مپرس
 لب لعلی گزیده ام که مپرس
 زنجهانی کشیده ام که مپرس
 بمقامی رسیده ام که مپرس
 درد عشقی کشیده ام که مپرس
 گشته ام در جهان و آخر کار
 آنچنان در هوای خاک درش
 من بگوش خود از دهانت دوش
 سوی من لب چه میگزی که مگر
 بی تو در کلبه گدانی خویش
 همچو حافظ غریب در ره عشق

خداؤندا نگهدار از زوالش
که عمر خضر می‌بخشد زلالش
عیبرآمیز می‌آید شمالش
بجوى از مردم صاحب کالش
که شیرینان ندادند انفعالش
چه داری آگهی چونست حالش
دلا چون شیر مادر کن حلالش
که دارم خلوتی خوش با خیالش
نکردى شکر ایام وصالش

خوشاشیراز و وضع بی مثالش
ز رکناباد ما صد لوحش الله
میان جعفرآباد و مصلی
 بشیراز آی و فیض روح قدسی
که نام قند مصری برد آنجا
صبا زان لولی شنگول سرمست
گر آن شیرین پسر خویم بریزد
مکن از خواب بیدارم خدارا
چرا حافظ چو می‌ترسیدی از هبر

گفت بیخشند گنه می بنوش
مرثده رحمت برساند سروش
تا می لعل آوردش خون بجوش
هر قدر ای دل که توانی بکوش
نکته سربسته چه گوئی خموش
روی من و خاک در میفروش
با کرم پادشه عیب پوش
روح قدس حلقة امرش بگوش
وز خطر چشم بدش دار گوش

هاتقی از گوشۀ میخانه دوش
لطف الهی بگند کار خویش
این خرد خام بمیخانه بر
گرچه وصالش نه بکوشش دهند
لطف خدا بیشتر از جرم ماست
گوش من و حلقة گیسوی یار
رندي حافظ نه گناهیست صعب
داور دین شاه شجاع آنکه کرد
ای ملک العرش مرادش بده

سهر ببسوی گلستان دمی شدم در باغ
 که تا چو بلبل بیدل کنم علاج دماغ
 مجلوه گل سوری نگاه میکردم
 که بود در شب تیره بروشني چو چراغ
 چنان بحسن و جوانی خویشن مغروف
 که داشت از دل بلبل هزار گونه فراغ
 گشاده نرگس رعنای حسرت آب از چشم
 نهاده لاله ز سودا بجان و دل صد داغ
 زبان کشیده چو تیغی بسرزنش سوسن
 دهان گشاده شقايق چو مردم ایغاغ
 یک چو باده پرستان صراحی اندر دست
 یکی چو ساق مستان بکف گرفته آیاغ
 نشاط و عیش و جوانی چو گل غنیمت دان
 که حافظا نبود بر رسول غیر بлаг

هزار دشمن ار میکتند قصد هلاک
 گرم تو دوستی از دشمنان ندارم باك
 مرا امید وصال تو زنده میدارد
 و گرنه هر دم از هبر تست بيم هلاک
 نفس نفس اگر از باد نشنوم بویش
 زمان زمان چو گل از غم کنم گربیان چاک
 رود بخواب دو چشم از خیال تو هیهات
 بود صبور دل اندر فراق تو حاشاك
 اگر تو زخم زف به که دیگری مرهم
 و گر تو زهر دهی به که دیگری تریاک
 بضرب سیفلک قتلی حیاتنا ابدا
 لأنّ روحی قد طاب أن یکون فداك
 عنان مپیچ که گر میزني بشمشیرم
 سپر کنم سر و دستت ندارم از فتراك
 ترا چنانکه توفی هر نظر کجا بیند
 بقدر دانش خود هر کسی کند ادراك
 بچشم خلق عزیز جهان شود حافظ
 که بر در تو نهد روی مسکنت بر خاک

عشقباری و جوانی و شراب لعل فام
 مجلس انس و حریف هدم و شرب مدام
 ساق شگردهان و مطرب شیرین سخن
 همنشینی نیک کردار و ندیمی نیکنام
 شاهدی از لطف و پاک رشك آب زندگ
 دلبری در حسن و خوبی غیرت ماه تمام
 بزمگاهی دلنشان چون قصر فردوس برین
 گشنی پیرامنش چون روضه دار السلام
 صف نشینان نیکخواه و پیشکاران با ادب
 دوستداران صاحب اسرار و حریفان دوستکام
 باده گلنگ تلخ تیز خوشخوار سبك
 نُقلش از لعل نگار و نقلش از یاقوت خام
 غمزه ساق بیغمای خرد آهته تیغ
 زلف جانان از برای صید دل گسترده دام
 نکته دانی بذله گو چون حافظ شیرین سخن
 بخشش آموزی جهان افروز چون حاجی قوام
 هر که این عشرت نخواهد خوشدلی بر وی تباہ
 وانکه این مجلس نجوید زندگی بر وی حرام

مژده وصل تو کو کز سر جان برخیزم
 طایر قدسم و از دام جهان برخیزم
 بولای تو که گر بندۀ خویشم خوانی
 از سر خواجه‌گی کون و مکان برخیزم
 یا رب از ابر هدایت برسان بارانی
 پیشتر زانکه چو گردی ز میان برخیزم
 بر سر تربت من با می و مطرب بنشین
 تا ببویت ز لحد رقص کنان برخیزم
 خیز و بالا بنما ای بت شیرین حرکات
 کز سر جان و جهان دست فشان برخیزم
 گرچه پیرم تو شبی تنگ در آغوشم کش
 تا سحرگه ز کنار تو جوان برخیزم
 روز مرگ نفسمی مهلت دیدار بد
 تا چو حافظ ز سر جان و جهان برخیزم

در خرابات مغان نور خدا می بینم
 این عجب بین که چونوری ز کجا می بینم
 جلوه بر من مفروش ای ملک الحاج که تو
 خانه می بینی و من خانه خدا می بینم
 خواهم از زلف بتان نافه گشائی کردن
 فکر دورست همانا که خطا می بینم
 سوز دل اشک روان آه سحر ناله شب
 این همه از نظر لطف شما می بینم
 هر دم از روی تو نقشی زندم راه خیال
 با که گویم که درین پرده چها می بینم
 کس ندیدست ز مشکختن و نافه چین
 آنچه من هر سحر از باد صبا می بینم
 دوستان عیب نظر بازی حافظ مکنید
 که من اورا ز محبان شما می بینم

بگذار تا ز شارع میخانه بگذریم
 کز بهر جرعة همه محتاج این دریم
 روز نخست چون دم رندی زدیم و عشق
 شرط آن بود که جز ره آن شیوه نسپریم
 جائی که تخت و مسند چم میرود بیاد
 گر غم خوریم خوش نبود به که می خوریم
 تا بو که دست در کر او توان زدن
 در خون دل نشسته چو یاقوت احمریم
 واعظ مکن نصیحت شوریدگان که ما
 با خاک کوی دوست بفردوس ننگریم
 چون صوفیان بحالت و رقصند مقندا
 ما نیز هم بشعبدہ دستی برآوریم
 از جرعة تو خاک زمین درّ و لعل یافت
 بیچاره ما که پیش تو از خاک کنگریم
 حافظ چو ره بکنگره کاخ وصل نیست
 با خاک آستانه این در بسر بریم

دوستان وقت گل آن به که بعشرت کوشیم
 سخن اهل دلست این و بجان بنیوشیم
 نیست در کس کرم و وقت طرب میگذرد
 چاره آنست که سجاده بمی بفروشیم
 خوش هوائیست فرح بخش خدایا بفرست
 نازنی که برویش می گلگون نوشیم
 ارغنون ساز فلك رهزن اهل هنرست
 چون ازین غصه ننالیم و چرا نخروشیم
 گل بجوش آمد و از می نزدیمش آبی
 لاجرم زاتش حرمان و هوس می جوشیم
 می کشیم از قدر لاله شرابی موهووم
 چشم بد دور که بی مطرب و می مدهوشیم
 حافظ این حال عجب با که توان گفت که ما
 بلبلانیم که در موسم گل خاموشیم

شاه شمشاد قدان خسرو شیرین دهنان
 که بمزگان شکند قلب همه صف شکنان
 مست بگذشت و نظر بر من درویش انداخت
 گفت ای چشم و چراغ همه شیرین سخنان
 تا کی از سیم و زرت کیسه تهی خواهد بود
 بنده من شو و بر خور ز همه سیم تنان
 کتر از ذره نه پست مشو مهر بورز
 تا بخلوتگه خورشید رسی چرخ زنان
 بر جهان تکیه مکن ور قدحی می داری
 شادی زهره جبینان خور و نازک بدنان
 پیر پیمانه کش من که روانش خوش باد
 گفت پرهیز کن از صحت پیمان شکنان
 دامن دوست بدست آر و ز دشمن بگسل
 مرد یزدان شو و فارغ گذر از اهرمنان
 با صبا در چمن لاله سحر میگتم
 که شهیدان که اند این همه خونین کفنان
 گفت حافظ من و تو محروم این راز نه ایم
 از می لعل حکایت کن و شیرین دهنان

دانی که چیست دولت دیدار یار دیدن
 در کوی او گدائی بر خسروی گزیدن
 از جان طمع بریدن آسان بود ولیکن
 از دوستان جانی مشکل توان بریدن
 خواهم شدن بستان چون غنچه با دل تنگ
 وانجا به نیک نامی پیراهنی دریدن
 گه چون نسیم با گل راز نهفته گفتن
 گه سر عشقیازی از بلبلان شنیدن
 بوسیدن لب یار اول ز دست مگذار
 کاخر ملول گردی از دست ولب گزیدن
 فرصت شمار محبت کز این دو راهه منزل
 چون بگذریم دیگر نتوان بهم رسیدن
 گوئی برفت حافظ از یاد شاه یحیی
 یا رب بیادش آور درویش پروریدن

صیحست ساقیا قدحی پر شراب کن
 دور فلک درنگ ندارد شتاب کن
 زان پیشتر که عالم فانی شود خراب
 مارا ز جام باده گلگون خراب کن
 خورشید می ز مشرق ساغر طلوع کرد
 گر برگ عیش می طلبی ترک خواب کن
 روزی که چرخ از گل ما کوزها کند
 زنهار کاسه سر ما پر شراب کن
 ما مرد زهد و توبه و طامات نیستیم
 با ما بجام باده صاف خطاب کن
 کار صواب باده پرستیست حافظا
 برخیز و عزم جزم بکار صواب کن

مزرع سبز فلک دیدم و داس مه نو
یادم از کشته خویش آمد و هنگام درو

گفتم ای بخت بخفتیدی و خورشید دمید

گفت با این همه از سابقه نومید مشو

گر روی پاک و مجرد چو مسیحا بفلک

از چراغ تو بخورشید رسد صد پرتو

تکیه بر اختر شب دزد مکن کاین عیار

تاج کاووس ببرد و کر کیخسرو

گوشوار زر و لعل ارچه گران دارد گوش

دور خوبی گذرانست نصیحت بشنو

چشم بد دور ز خال تو که در عرصه حسن

بیدق راند که برد از مه و خورشید گرو

آسمان گو مفروش این عظمت کاندر عشق

خرمن مه بجوى خوشة پروين بدو جو

آتش زهد و ریا خرمن دین خواهد سوت

حافظ این خرقه پشمینه بینداز و برو

کارم بکامست الحمد لله
گه جام زرکش گه لعل دخواه
پیران جاھل شیخان گمراه
وز فعل عابد استغفر الله
چشمی و صدم نم جانی و صد آه
از قامست سرو از عارضت ماہ
درس شبانه ورد سحرگاه

عیشم مداد است از لعل دخواه
ای بخت سرکش تنگش پیرکش
مارا برندی افسانه کردند
از دست زاهد کردیم توبه
جانا چه گویم شرح فراقت
کافر مبیناد این غم که دیدست
سوق لبт برد از یاد حافظ

گرفتم باده با چنگ و چغانه
ز شهر هستیش کردم روانه
که ایمن گشم از مکر زمانه
که ای تیر ملامت را نشانه
اگر خود را بیینی در میانه
که عنقارا بلندست آشیانه
که با خود عشق بازد جاودانه
خيال آب و گل در ره بهانه
ازین دریای ناپیدا کرانه
که تحقیقش فسونست و فسانه

سحرگاهان که مخمور شبانه
نهادم عقل را ره توشه از می
نگار می فروشم عشوه داد
ز ساق سکان ابرو شنیدم
نبندی زان میان طرف کرووار
برو این دام بر مرغی دگر نه
که بند طرف وصل از حسن شاهی
ندیم و مطریب و ساق همه اوست
بده کشتی می تا خوش برانیم
وجود ما معماًیست حافظ

یا با ما مورز این کینه داری
 نصیحت گوش کن کاین دُربسی به
 ولیکن کی نمائی رخ برندان
 بد رندان مگوای شیخ و هش دار
 نمی‌ترسی ز آه آتشینم
 بفریاد خمار مفلسان رس
 ندیدم خوشتراز شعر تو حافظ

که حق صحبت دیرینه داری
 از آن گوهر که در گنجینه داری
 تو کز خورشید و مه آینه داری
 که با حکم خدائی کینه داری
 تو دانی خرقه پشمینه داری
 خدارا گرمی دوشینه داری
 بقرآنی که اندر سینه داری

ای که دائم بخویش معروفی
 گرد دیوانگان عشق مگرد
 مستی عشق نیست در سر تو
 روی زردست و آه درد آلود
 بگذر از نام و ننگ خود حافظ

گر ترا عشق نیست معدوری
 که بعقل عقیله مشهوری
 رو که تو مست آب انگوری
 عاشقانرا دوای رنجوری
 ساغر می طلب که مخموری

رقم بباغ صبحدى تا چنم گلى
 آمد بگوش ناگهم آواز ببلی
 مسکین چو من بعشق گلى گشته مبتلا
 واندر چن فکنده ز فریاد غلغلی
 میکشم اندر آن چن و باغ دمبدم
 میکردم اندر آن گل و ببل تاملی
 گل یار حسن گشته و ببل قرین عشق
 آنرا تفضّلی نه و این را تبدّلی
 چون کرد در دم اثر آواز عندلیب
 گشتم چنانکه هیچ نماندم تحملی
 بس گل شکفته می‌شود این باغ را ولی
 کس بی بلای خار نچیلست ازو گلی
 حافظ مدار امید فرج از مدار چرخ
 دارد هزار عیب و ندارد تفضّل

نسمیم صبح سعادت بدان نشان که تو دانی
گذر بکوی فلان کن در آن زمان که تو دانی
تو پیک خلوت رازی و دیده بر سر راهت
بمردمی نه بفرمان چنان بران که تو دانی
بگو که جان عزیزم زدست رفت خدارا
ز لعل روح فراش ببخش آن که تو دانی
من این حروف نوشتم چنانکه غیر ندانست
تو هم ز روی کرامت چنان بخوان که تو دانی
خيال تیغ تو با ما حدیث تشه و آبست
اسیر خویش گرفتی بکش چنان که تو دانی
امید در کبر زرکشت چگونه ببنندم
دقیقه ایست نگارا در آن میان که تو دانی
یکیست ترکی و تازی درین معامله حافظ
حدیث عشق بیان کن بدان زبان که تو دانی

بیا ساق آن می که حال آورد
کرامت فزايد کمال آورد
به من ده که بس بیدل افتاده ام
وز این هر دو بیحاصل افتاده ام
بیا ساق آن می کز او جام جم
زند لاف بینائی اندر عدم
به من ده که گردم به تأیید جام
چو جم آگه از سر عالم تمام

که با گنج قارون دهد عمر نوح
در کامرانی و عمر دراز
به کیخسرو و جم فرستد سلام
که چشید کی بود و کاووس کی
صلائی به شاهان پیشینه زن
که گم شد در او لشکر سلم و تور
که دیده است ایوان افراسیاب
کجا شیده آن ترک خنجر کشش

که اندر خرابات دارد نشست
خراب می و جام خواهم شدن
که گر شیر نوشد شود بیشه سوز
به هم بردم دام این گرگ پیر
عیبر ملایک در آن می سرشت
دماغ خرد تا ابد خوش کنم
به پاکی او دل گواهی دهد
برآرم به عشت سراز این مغایک
در اینجا چرا تخته بند تنم
خرابم کن و گنج حکمت بین
بیشم در آن آینه هرچه هست
در خسروی در گدائی زخم
ز چرخش دهد رود زهره درود

بیا ساق آن کیمیای فتوح
بده تا به رویت گشايند باز
بیا ساق آن می که عکسش زجام
بده تا بگویم به آواز نی
دم از سیر این دیر دیرینه زن
همان مرحله است این بیابان دور
همان منزل است این جهان خراب
کجا رفت پیران لشگر کشش

بیا ساق آن بکر مستور مست
به من ده که بدنام خواهم شدن
بیا ساق آن آب اندیشه سوز
بده تا روم بر فلك شیر گیر
بیا ساق آن می که حور بهشت
بده تا بخوری در آتش کنم
بیا ساق آن می که شاهی دهد
به من ده مگر گردم از عیب پاک
چو شد باغ روحانیان مسکنم
شرام ده و روی دولت بیین
من آنم که چون جام گیرم به دست
به مستی دم از پارسائی زنم
که حافظ چو مستانه سازد سرود

الا ای آهوی وحشی، کجای؟
 دو تنها رو، دو سرگردان بیکس
 بیا تا حال یکدیگر بدانم
 که میبینم که این دشت مشوش

مرا با توت بسیار آشنائی
 دوراه است و کین از پیش واژپس
 مراد هم بجوئیم ار توانیم
 چراگاهی ندارد ایمن و خوش

رفیق بیکسان، یار غریبان
 زیمن همتش این و سرآید

مسلمانان، مسلمانان، خدارا!
 که گوئی خود نبوده است آشنائی
 برادر با برادر کی چنین کرد؟
 که این تنها بدان تنها رساند

نکرد آن همدم دیرین مدارا
 چنین بیرحم زد زخم جدائی
 برف و طبع خوشباشم حزین کرد
 مگر خضر مبارکپی تواند

مگر وقت عطا پوردن آمد
 که روزی رهروی در سرمیانی
 که «ای سالک، چه درابانه داری؟
 جوابش داد و گفتا «دانه دارم
 بگفتا «چون به دست آری نشانش؟
 نیاز ما چه وزن آرد بدین ساز؟

ز بال سرو میکن دیدهبانی
 نم اشگی و با خود گفتگوئی
 موافق گرد با ابر بهاران
 مدد بخشش ز آب دیده خویش

چو آن سرو سهی شد کاروانی
 لب سر چشمهدی و طرف جوئی
 به یاد رفگان و دوستداران
 چو نالان آیدت آب روان پیش

ولی غافل مباش از دهر بدمست
چو معلوم است شرح، از بر بخوانید
که حکم انداز هرگان در کین است

مده جام می و پای گل از دست
رفیقان، قدر یکدیگر بدانید
مقالات نصیحتگو همین است

تو از نون والقلم میپرس تفسیر
وازان، تخمی که حاصل بود، کشم
که مغز شعر نفرش جان اجزاست
مشام جان معطر ساز جاوید
نه ز آن آهو که از مردم نفور است!

چو ماهی گلک آرم به تحریر
روان را با خرد درهم سرشتم
فرجبخشی در این ترکیب پیداست
بیا وز نکهت این طیب امید
که این نافه ز چین جیب حور است

۴۸ فتنه روزگار

من و مسی و فتنه چشم یه ر
ندام که را خاک خواهد گرفت
ندام چراغ که بر میکند
سحر تا چه زايد شب آبستن است
تو خون صراحی به ساغر بریز

سر فتنه دارد دگر روزگار
همیدارم از دور گردون شگفت
و گر پر منع آتشی میزند
فریب جهان قصه روشن است
در این خونفشار عرصه رستخیز

بر سر بازار جانبازان منادی میزند
بشنوید ای ساکنان کوی رندی بشنوید
دختر رز چند روزی شد که از ما گم شدست
رفت تا گیرد سر خود هان و هان حاضر شوید
جامه دارد ز لعل و نیم تاجی از حباب
عقل و دانش برد و شد تا این از وی نغنوید
هر که آن تلخم دهد حلوا بها جانش دهم
ور بود پوشیده و پنهان بدوزخ در روید
دختری شب گرد تند تلخ گرنگست و مست
گر بیابیدش بسوی خانه حافظ برید

اسماعیل ۵۰

مجد دین سرور و سلطان قضات اسماعیل
که زدی کلک زیان آورش از شرع نطق
ناف هفته بد و از ماه رجب کاف و الف
که برون رفت ازین خانه بی نظم و نسق
کنف رحمت حق منزل او دان وانگه
سال تاریخ وفاتش طلب از رحمت حق

TRANSLATIONS

I LOVE'S AWAKENING

I

Ho, saki, haste, the beaker bring,
Fill up, and pass it round the ring;
Love seemed at first an easy thing—
But ah! the hard awakening.

2

So sweet perfume the morning air
Did lately from her tresses bear,
Her twisted, musk-diffusing hair—
What heart's calamity was there!

Within life's caravanserai
What brief security have I,
When momently the bell doth cry,
“Bind on your loads; the hour is nigh!”

3

Let wine upon the prayer-mat flow,
An if the taverner bids so;
Whose wont is on this road to go
Its ways and manners well doth know.

4

Mark now the mad career of me,
From wilfulness to infamy;
Yet how conceal that mystery
Whereof men make festivity?

A mountain sea, moon clouded o'er,
And nigh the whirlpool's awful roar—
How can they know our labour sore
Who pass light-burthened on the shore?

5

Hafiz, if thou wouldest win her grace,
Be never absent from thy place;
When thou dost see the well-loved face,
Be lost at last to time and space.

A. J. A.

2 WHERE IS THEPIOUS DOER?

Where is the pious doer? and I the estray'd one, where?
Behold how far the distance, from his safe home to here!

Dark is the stony desert, trackless and vast and dim,
Where is hope's guiding lantern? Where is faith's star so fair?

My heart fled from the cloister, and chant of monkish hymn,
What can avail me sainthood, fasting and punctual prayer?

What is the truth shall light me to heaven's strait thoroughfare?
Whither, O heart, thou hastest? Arrest thee, and beware!

See what a lone adventure is thine unending quest!
Fraught with what deadly danger! Set with what unseen snare!

Say not, O friend, to Hafez, "Quiet thee now and rest!"
Calm and content, what are they? Patience and peace, O where?

ELIZABETH BRIDGES (ELIZABETH DARYUSH)

3 SWEET MAID

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold;
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display;
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
Than even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravish'd ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But O! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

SIR WILLIAM JONES

4 FRIENDLY ZEPHYR

Go, friendly Zephyr! whisp'ring greet
Yon gentle fawn with slender feet;
Say that in quest of her I rove
The dangerous steeps, the wilds of love.

Thou merchant who dost sweetness vend
(Long may kind heav'n thy life defend!)
Ah, why unfriendly thus forget
Thy am'rous sweet-billed parroquet?

Is it, O rose! thy beauty's pride
That casts affection far aside,
Forbidding thee to court the tale
Of thy fond mate, the nightingale?

I know not why 'tis rare to see
The colour of sincerity
In nymphs who boast majestic grace,
Dark eyes, and silver-beaming face.

What tho' that face be angel fair,
One fault does all its beauty marr;
Nor faith, nor constancy adorn
Thy charms, which else might shame the morn.

By gentle manners we control
The wise, the sense-illumin'd soul:
No idle lure, no glitt'ring bait
Th' experienc'd bird will captivate.

What wonder, Hafez, that thy strain,
Whose sounds enchant th' ethereal plain,
Should tempt each graver star to move
In dances with the star of love?

J. NOTT

5 SPRING SONG

With sullen pace stern winter leaves the plain,
And blooming spring trips gaily o'er the meads,
Sweet Philomel now swells her plaintive strain,
And her lov'd rose his blushing beauties spreads.

O Zephyr, whilst you waft your gentle gale,
Fraught with the fragrance of Arabia's groves,
Breathe my soft wishes through yon blooming vale,
Tell charming Leila how her poet loves!

O! for one heavenly glance from that dear maid,
How would my raptur'd heart with joy rebound;
Down to her feet I'd lowly bend my head,
And with my eyebrows sweep the hallow'd ground.

Could those stern fools who steal religion's mask,
And rail against the sweet delights of love,
Fair Leila see, no paradise they'd ask,
But for her smiles renounce the joys above.

Trust not in fortune, vain deluded charm!
Whom wise men shun, and only fools adore.
Oft, whilst she smiles, Fate sounds the dread alarm,
Round flies her wheel; you sink to rise no more.

Ye rich and great, why rear those princely domes?
Those heaven-aspiring towers why proudly raise?
Lo! whilst triumphant all around you blooms,
Death's awful angel numbers out your days.

Sweet tyrant, longer in that flinty breast
Lock not thy heart, my bosom is its throne;
There let the charming flutt'rer gently rest;
Here feast on joys to vulgar souls unknown.

But ah! what means that fiercely-rolling eye,
Those pointed locks which scent the ambient air;
Now my fond hopes in wild disorder fly,
Low droops my love, a prey to black despair.

Those charming brows, arch'd like the heavenly bow,
Arm not, O gentle maid, with such disdain;
Drive not a wretch, already sunk full low,
Hopeless to mourn his never-ceasing pain.

But to the fair no longer be a slave;
Drink, Hafez! revel, all your cares unbend,
And boldly scorn the mean dissembling knave
Who makes religion every vice defend!

J. RICHARDSON

6 THE HOUSE OF HOPE

The house of hope is built on sand,
And life's foundations rest on air;
Then come, give wine into my hand,
That we may make an end of care.

Let me be slave to that man's will
Who 'neath high heaven's turquoise bowl
Hath won and winneth freedom still
From all entanglement of soul;

Save that the mind entangled be
With her whose radiant loveliness
Provoking love and loyalty
Relieves the mind of all distress.

Last night as toping I had been
In tavern, shall I tell to thee
What message from the world unseen
A heavenly angel brought to me?

“Falcon of sovereign renown,
High-nesting bird of lofty gaze,
This corner of affliction town
Befits thee ill, to pass thy days.

“Hearest thou not the whistle's call
From heaven's rampart shrills for thee?
What chanced I cannot guess at all
This snare should now thy prison be.”

Heed now the counsel that I give,
And be it to thy acts applied;
For these are words I did receive
From him that was my ancient guide.

“Be pleased with what the fates bestow,
Nor let thy brow be furrowed thus;
The gate to freedom here below
Stands not ajar to such as us.”

Look not to find fidelity
Within a world so weakly stayed;
This ancient crone, ere flouting thee,
A thousand bridegrooms had betrayed.

Take not for sign of true intent
Nor think the rose’s smile sincere;
Sweet, loving nightingale, lament:
There is much cause for weeping here.

What envying of Hafiz’ ease,
Poor poetaster, dost thou moan?
To make sweet music, and to please,
That is a gift of God alone.

A. J. A.

7 WILD OF MIEN

Wild of mien, chanting a love-song, cup in hand, locks disarrayed,
Cheek beflushed, wine-overcome, vesture awry, breast displayed.

With a challenge in that eye’s glance, with a love-charm on the lip,
Came my love, sat by my bedside in the dim midnight shade:

O’er my ear bending, my love spake in a sad voice and a low,
“Is it thus, spite of the old years, lover mine, slumber-bewrayed?”

To the wise comes there a cup, fired of the night, pressed to the lip;
An he bow not to the Wine Creed, be he writ Love’s renegade.

Go thy way, saint of the cell, flout not the dred-drainer again;
In the first hour of the world’s birth was the high hest on us laid.

Whatsoe'er potion His hand pours in the bowl, that will we quaff,
Heady ferment of the Soul-world, or the grape-must unallayed.
Ah, how oft, e'en as with HAFIZ, hath the red smile of the vine
And the curled ringlet on Love's cheek a repentance unmade!

WALTER LEAF

8 RED ROSE

The rose has flushed red, the bud has burst,
And drunk with joy is the nightingale—
Hail, Sufis! lovers of wine, all hail!
For wine is proclaimed to a world athirst.
Like a rock your repentance seemed to you;
Behold the marvell of what avail
Was your rock, for a goblet has cleft it in two!
Bring wine for the king and the slave at the gate
Alike for all is the banquet spread,
And drunk and sober are warmed and fed.
When the feast is done and the night grows late,
And the second door of the tavern gapes wide,
The low and the mighty must bow the head
'Neath the archway of Life, to meet what...outside?
Except thy road through affliction pass,
None may reach the halting-station of mirth;
God's treaty: Am I not Lord of the earth?
Man sealed with a sigh: Ah yes, alas!
Nor with Is nor Is Not let thy mind contend;
Rest assured all perfection of mortal birth
In the great Is Not at the last shall end.
For Assaf's pomp, and the steeds of the wind,
And the speech of birds, down the wind have fled,
And he that was lord of them all is dead;
Of his mastery nothing remains behind.
Shoot not thy feathered arrow astray!
A bow-shot's length through the air it has sped,
And then...dropped down in the dusty way.

But to thee, oh Hafiz, to thee, oh Tongue
That speaks through the mouth of the slender reed,
What thanks to thee when thy verses speed
From lip to lip, and the song thou hast sung?

GERTRUDE BELL

9 MY BOSOM GRAC'D

My bosom grac'd with each gay flow'r,
I grasp the bowl, my nymph in glee;
The monarch of the world this hour,
Is but a slave compar'd to me.

Intrude not with the taper's light,
My social friends, with beaming eyes;
Trundle around a starry night,
And lo! my nymph the moon supplies.

Away, thy sprinkling odours spare,
Be not officiously thus kind;
The waving ringlets of my Fair,
Shed perfume to the fainting wind.

My ears th' enlivening notes inspire,
As lute or harp alternate sound;
My eyes those ruby lips admire,
Or catch the glasses sparkling round.

Then let no moments steal away,
Without thy mistress and thy wine;
The spring flowers blossom to decay,
And youth but glows to own decline.

THOMAS LAW

Zephyr, should'st thou chance to rove
 By the mansion of my love,
 From her locks ambrosial bring
 Choicest odours on thy wing.

Could'st thou waft me from her breast
 Tender sighs to say I'm blest,
 As she lives! my soul would be
 Sprinkl'd o'er with ecstasy.

But if Heav'n the boon deny,
 Round her stately footsteps fly,
 With the dust that thence may rise,
 Stop the tears which bathe these eyes.

Lost, poor mendicant! I roam
 Begging, craving she would come:
 Where shall I thy phantom see,
 Where, dear nymph, a glimpse of thee?

Like the wind-tost reed my breast
 Fann'd with hope is ne'er at rest,
 Throbbing, longing to excess
 Her fair figure to caress.

Yes, my charmer, tho' I see
 Thy heart courts no love with me,
 Not for worlds, could they be mine,
 Would I give a hair of thine.

Why, O care! shall I in vain
 Strive to shun thy galling chain,
 When these strains still fail to save,
 And make Hafiz more a slave.

J. H. HINDLEY

11 DAWN

Thus spoke at dawn the field-bird to the newly wakened rose:
“Be kind, for many a bloom like you in this meadow grows.”
The rose laughed: “You will find that we at truth show no
distress,
But never did a lover with harsh words his love so press.
If ruby wine from jewelled cup it is your wish to drink,
Then pearls and corals pierced with eyelash you must strive to link.
Love’s savour to his nostrils to entice he ne’er can seek,
Who on the tavern’s earthy floor has not swept dusty cheek.”

In Iram’s garden yesternight, when, in the grateful air,
The breeze of coming day stirred the tress of hyacinth fair,
I asked: “Throne of Jamshid, where is thy world-revealing cup?”
It sighed: “That waking fortune deep in sleep lies muffled up.”
They are not always words of love that from the tongue descend:
Come, bring me wine, O taverner, and to this talk put end.
His wit and patience to the waves are cast by Hafiz’ tears.
What can he do, that may not hide how love his being sears?

R. LEVY

12 LAPWING

Wind from the east, oh Lapwing of the day,
I send thee to my Lady, though the way
Is far to Saba, where I bid thee fly;
Lest in the dust thy tameless wings should lie,
Broken with grief, I send thee to thy nest,
Fidelity.

Or far or near there is no halting-place
Upon Love’s road—absent, I see thy face,
And in thine ear my wind-blown greetings sound,
North winds and east waft them where they are bound,
Each morn and eve convoys of greeting fair
I send to thee.

Unto mine eyes a stranger, thou that art
A comrade ever-present to my heart,
What whispered prayers and what full meed of praise
I send to thee.

Lest Sorrow's army waste thy heart's domain,
I send my life to bring thee peace again,
Dear life thy ransom! From thy singers learn
How one that longs for thee may weep and burn;
Sonnets and broken words, sweet notes and songs
I send to thee.

Give me the cup! a voice rings in mine ears
Crying: "Bear patiently the bitter years!
For all thine ills, I send thee heavenly grace.
God the Creator mirrored in thy face
Thine eyes shall see, God's image in the glass
I send to thee.

"Hafiz, thy praise alone my comrades sing;
Hasten to us, thou that art sorrowing!
A robe of honour and a harnessed steed
I send to thee."

GERTRUDE BELL

13 SECRET DRAUGHT

The secret draught of wine and love repressed
Are joys foundationless—then come whate'er
May come, slave to the grape I stand confessed!
Unloose, oh friend, the knot of thy heart's care,
Despite the warning that the Heavens reveal!
For all his thought, never astronomer
That loosed the knot of Fate those Heavens conceal!

Not all the changes that thy days unfold
Shall rouse thy wonder; Time's revolving sphere
Over a thousand lives like thine has rolled.
That cup within thy fingers, dost not hear
The voices of dead kings speak through the clay
Kobad, Bahman, Djemshid, their dust is here,
“Gently upon me set thy lips!” they say.

What man can tell where Kaus and Kai have gone?
Who knows where even now the restless wind
Scatters the dust of Djem's imperial throne?
And where the tulip, following close behind
The feet of Spring, her scarlet chalice rears,
There Ferhad for the love of Shirin pined,
Dyeing the desert red with his heart's tears.

Bring, bring the cup! drink we while yet we may
To our soul's ruin the forbidden draught;
Perhaps a treasure-trove is hid away
Among those ruins where the wine has laughed!—
Perhaps the tulip knows the fickleness
Of Fortune's smile, for on her stalk's green shaft
She bears a wine-cup through the wilderness.

The murmuring stream of Ruknabad, the breeze
That blows from out Mosalla's fair pleasaunce,
Summon me back when I would seek heart's ease,
Travelling afar; what though Love's countenance
Be turned full harsh and sorrowful on me,
I care not so that Time's unfriendly glance
Still from my Lady's beauty turned be.

Like Hafiz, drain the goblet cheerfully
While minstrels touch the lute and sweetly sing,
For all that makes thy heart rejoice in thee
Hangs of Life's single, slender, silken string.

GERTRUDE BELL

14 RECALL

As bitter poison grief my palate sours:
The sound: "Be it sweet!" at feasts of ours
Recall.

My friends, it may be, have forgotten long;
But I a thousand times that throng

And now while fettered by misfortune's chain,
All those who grateful sought my gain
Recall.

Though thousand rivers from my eyes descend,
I Zindarud, where gard'ners tend,

And crushed by sorrow that finds no relief,
Those who brought solace to my grief

No more from HÁFIZ' lips shall secrets pass:
Those who once kept them, I, alas!

Recall.

H. BICKNELL

15 A MAD HEART

I

Long years my heart had made request
Of me, a stranger, hopefully
(Not knowing that itself possessed
The treasure that it sought of me),
That Jamshid's chalice I should win
And it would see the world therein.

That is a pearl by far too rare
To be contained within the shell
Of time and space; lost vagrants there
Upon the ocean's margin, well
We know it is a vain surmise
That we should hold so great a prize.

II

There was a man that loved God well;
In every motion of his mind
God dwelt; and yet he could not tell
That God was in him, being blind:
Wherefore as if afar he stood
And cried, "Have mercy, O my God!"

III

This problem that had vexed me long
Last night unto the taverner
I carried; for my hope was strong
His judgement sure, that could not err,
Might swiftly solve infallibly
The riddle that had baffled me.

I saw him standing in his place,
A goblet in his grasp, a smile
Of right good cheer upon his face,
As in the glass he gazed awhile
And seemed to view in vision clear
A hundred truths reflected there.

IV

"That friend who, being raised sublime
Upon the gallows, glorified
The tree that slew him for his crime,
This was the sin for which he died,
That, having secrets in his charge,
He told them to the world at large."

So spake he; adding, "But the heart
That has the truth within its hold
And, practising the rosebud's art,
Conceals a mystery in each fold,
That heart hath well this comment lined
Upon the margin of the mind.

" When Moses unto Pharaoh stood,
The men of magic strove in vain
Against his miracle of wood;
So every subtlety of brain
Must surely fail and feeble be
Before the soul's supremacy.

" And if the Holy Ghost descend
In grace and power infinite
His comfort in these days to lend
To them that humbly wait on it,
Theirs too the wondrous works can be
That Jesus wrought in Galilee."

V

" What season did the Spirit wise
This all-revealing cup assign
Within thy keeping?" "When the skies
Were painted by the Hand Divine
And heaven's mighty void was spanned,
Then gave He this into my hand."

" Yon twisted coil, yon chain of hair
Why doth the lovely Idol spread
To keep me fast and fettered there?"
" Ah, Hafiz!", so the wise man said,
" 'Tis a mad heart, and needs restraint
That speaks within thee this complaint."

A. J. A.

16 CUP IN HAND

When my Beloved the cup in hand taketh
The market of lovely ones slack demand taketh.

I, like a fish, in the ocean am fallen,
Till me with the hook yonder Friend to land taketh.

Every one saith, who her tipsy eye seëth,
“Where is a shrieve, that this fair firebrand taketh?”

Lo, at her feet in lament am I fallen,
Till the Beloved me by the hand taketh.

Happy his heart who, like Hafiz, a goblet
Of wine of the Prime Fore-eternal’s brand taketh.

J. PAYNE

17 NOT ALL THE SUM OF EARTHLY HAPPINESS

Not all the sum of earthly happiness
Is worth the bowed head of a moment’s pain,
And if I sell for wine my dervish dress,
Worth more than what I sell is what I gain!
Land where my Lady dwells, thou holdest me
Enchained; else Fars were but a barren soil,
Not worth the journey over land and sea,
Not worth the toil!

Down in the quarter where they sell red wine,
My holy carpet scarce would fetch a cup—
How brave a pledge of piety is mine,
Which is not worth a goblet foaming up!
Mine enemy heaped scorn on me and said:
“Forth from the tavern gate!” Why am I thrust
From off the threshold? is my fallen head
Not worth the dust?

Wash white that travel-stained sad robe of thine!
Where word and deed alike one colour bear,
The grape's fair purple garment shall outshine
Thy many-coloured rags and tattered gear.
Full easy seemed the sorrow of the sea
Lightened by hope of gain—hope flew too fast!
A hundred pearls were poor indemnity,
Not worth the blast.

The Sultan's crown, with priceless jewels set,
Encircles fear of death and constant dread;
It is a head-dress much desired—and yet
Art sure 'tis worth the danger to the head?
'Twere best for thee to hide thy face from those
That long for thee; the Conqueror's reward
Is never worth the army's long-drawn woes,
• Worth fire and sword.

Ah, seek the treasure of a mind at rest
And store it in the treasury of Ease;
Not worth a loyal heart, a tranquil breast,
Were all the riches of thy lands and seas!
Ah, scorn, like Hafiz, the delights of earth,
Ask not one grain of favour from the base,
Two hundred sacks of jewels were not worth
Thy soul's disgrace!

GERTRUDE BELL

18 SLAVES

Slaves of thy shining eyes are even those
That diadems of might and empire bear;
Drunk with the wine that from thy red lip flows,
Are they that e'en the grape's delight forswear.
Drift, like the wind across a violet bed,
Before thy many lovers, weeping low,
And clad like violets in blue robes of woe,
Who feel thy wind-blown hair and bow the head.

Thy messenger the breath of dawn, and mine
A stream of tears, since lover and beloved
Keep not their secret; through my verses shine,
Though other lays my flower's grace have proved
And countless nightingales have sung thy praise.
When veiled beneath thy curls thou passest, see,
To right and leftward those that welcome thee
Have bartered peace and rest on thee to gaze!

But thou that knowest God by heart, away!
Wine-drunk, love-drunk, we inherit Paradise,
His mercy is for sinners; hence and pray
Where wine thy cheek red as red erghwan dyes,
And leave the cell to faces sinister.
Oh Khizr, whose happy feet bathed in life's fount,
Help one who toils afoot—the horsemen mount
And hasten on their way; I scarce can stir.

Ah, loose me not! ah, set not Hafiz free
From out the bondage of thy gleaming hair!
Safe only those, safe, and at liberty,
That fast enchainèd in thy linked ringlets are.
But from the image of his dusty cheek
Learn this from Hafiz: proudest heads shall bend,
And dwellers on the threshold of a friend
Be crownèd with the dust that crowns the meek.

GERTRUDE BELL

19 LAST NIGHT I DREAMED

Last night I dreamed that angels stood without
The tavern door, and knocked in vain, and wept;
They took the clay of Adam, and, methought,
Moulded a cup therewith while all men slept.
Oh dwellers in the halls of Chastity!
You brought Love's passionate red wine to me,
Down to the dust I am, your bright feet stept.

For Heaven's self was all too weak to bear
The burden of His love God laid on it,
He turned to seek a messenger elsewhere,
And in the Book of Fate my name was writ.
Between my Lord and me such concord lies
As makes the Huris glad in Paradise,
With songs of praise through the green glades they flit.

A hundred dreams of Fancy's garnered store
Assail me—Father Adam went astray
Tempted by one poor grain of corn! Wherefore
Absolve and pardon him that turns away
Though the soft breath of Truth reaches his ears,
For two-and-seventy jangling creeds he hears,
And loud-voiced Fable calls him ceaselessly.

That, that is not the flame of Love's true fire
Which makes the torchlight shadows dance in rings,
But where the radiance draws the moth's desire
And sends him forth with scorched and drooping wings.
The heart of one who dwells retired shall break,
Rememb'ring a black mole and a red cheek,
And his life ebb, sapped at its secret springs.

Yet since the earliest time that man has sought
To comb the locks of Speech, his goodly bride,
Not one, like Hafiz, from the face of Thought
Has torn the veil of Ignorance aside.

GERTRUDE BELL

20 CONVERSATION

“Ah, when shall I to thy mouth and lips attain?”
“Fore God, but speak, for thy word is sovereign.”
“‘Tis Egypt’s tribute thy lips require for fee.”
“In such transaction the less the loss shall be.”

“What lip is worthy the tip of thy mouth to hold?”
“To none but initiates may this tale be told.”
“Adore not idols, but sit with the One, the True!”
“In the street of Love it is lawful both to do.”

“The tavern’s breath is balm to the spirit’s smart.”
“And blessed are they that comfort the lonely heart.”

“No part of faith is the dervish cloak and the wine.”
“Yet both are found in this Magian faith of mine.”
“What gain can coral lips to an old man bring?”
“A honeyed kiss, and his youth’s recovering.”

“And when shall bridegroom come to the couch of the bride?”
“The morn that Moon and Jupiter stand allied.”
“Still Hafiz prays for thy yet ascending might.”
“So pray and praise the angels in heaven’s height.”

A. J. A.

21 SPRING

Cypress and Tulip and sweet Eglantine,
Of these the tale from lip to lip is sent;
Washed by three cups, oh Saki, of thy wine,
My song shall turn upon this argument.
Spring, bride of all the meadows, rises up,
Clothed in her ripest beauty: fill the cup!
Of Spring’s handmaidens runs this song of mine.

The sugar-loving birds of distant Ind,
Except a Persian sweetmeat that was brought
To fair Bengal, have found nought to their mind.
See how my song, that in one night was wrought,
Defies the limits set by space and time!
O’er plains and mountain-tops my fearless rhyme,
Child of a night, its year-long road shall find.

And thou whose sense is dimmed with piety,
Thou too shalt learn the magic of her eyes;
Forth comes the caravan of sorcery
When from those gates the blue-veined curtains rise.
And when she walks the flowery meadows through,
Upon the jasmine's shamèd cheek the dew
Gathers like sweat, she is so fair to see!

Ah, swerve not from the path of righteousness
Though the world lure thee! like a wrinkled crone,
Hiding beneath her robe lasciviousness,
She plunders them that pause and heed her moan.
From Sinai Moses brings thee wealth untold;
Bow not thine head before the calf of gold
Like Samir, following after wickedness.

From the Shah's garden blows the wind of Spring,
The tulip in her lifted chalice bears
A dewy wine of Heaven's minist'ring;
Until Ghiyasuddin, the Sultan, hears,
Sing, Hafiz, of thy longing for his face.
The breezes whispering round thy dwelling-place
Shall carry thy lament unto the King.

GERTRUDE BELL

22 THE ROSE RETURNS

Returns again to the pleasaunce the rose, alive from the dead;
Before her feet in obeisance is bowed the violet's head.

The earth is gemmed as the skies are, the buds a zodiac band,
For signs in happy ascendant and sweet conjunction spread.

Now kiss the cheek of the Saki to sound of tabor and pipe,
To voice of viol and harp-string the wine of dawntide wed.

The rose's season bereave not of wine and music and love,
For as the days of a man's life her little week is fled.

The faith of old Zoroaster renews the garden again,
For lo, the tulip is kindled with fire of Nimrod red.

The earth is even as Eden, this hour of lily and rose;
This hour, alas! Not an Eden's eternal dwelling-stead!

The rose with Solomon rides, borne aloft on wings of the wind;
The bulbul's anthem at dawn like the voice of David is shed.

Fill high the bowl to our lord's name, 'Imād-ud-Din Mahmūd;
Behold King Solomon's Asaph in him incarnated.

Beyond eternity's bounds stretch the gracious shade of his might;
Beneath that shadow, O HAFIZ, be thine eternity sped.

WALTER LEAP

23 TULIPS

When from the goblet's eastern brim shall rise
 The gladd'ning sun-beams of our sparkling wine;
To grace the maid, tulips of richest dyes
 Shall on her cheek's empurpled garden shine.

The gale shall spread yon hyacinthine wreaths
 O'er the warm bosom of the blushing rose;
When, scented by those locks, it softly breathes
 From the sweet maze where many a flow'ret blows.

The night that parts a lover from his love,
 Is fraught with such distress, such tender wail;
That scanty would an hundred volumes prove,
 To register the fond, the mournful tale.

Be thine the steady patience, that sustain'd
 The prophet Noah, when the deluge rose;
Then shall the wish of countless years be gain'd,
 And joyful terminate thy lengthen'd woes.

The fav'rite hope, long foster'd in thy breast,
Thy single effort never will obtain:
The wish'd success on various aids must rest;
Without those aids thy own attempts are vain.

O, let not avarice tempt thy wild desires
To toil for wealth in fortune's glitt'ring mine!
Small is the pittance mortal man requires,
And trifling labour makes that pittance thine.

Should the sweet gales, as o'er thy tomb they play,
The fragraunce of the nymph's lov'd tresses bring;
Then, Haufez, shall new life inspire thy clay,
And ceaseless notes of rapture shalt thou sing.

J. NOTT

24 I CEASE NOT FROM DESIRE

I cease not from desire till my desire
Is satisfied; or let my mouth attain
My love's red mouth, or let my soul expire,
Sighed from those lips that sought her lips in vain.
Others may find another love as fair;
Upon her threshold I have laid my head,
The dust shall cover me, still lying there,
When from my body life and love have fled.

My soul is on my lips ready to fly,
But grief beats in my heart and will not cease,
Because not once, not once before I die,
Will her sweet lips give all my longing peace.
My breath is narrowed down to one long sigh
For a red mouth that burns my thoughts like fire;
When will that mouth draw near and make reply
To one whose life is straitened with desire?

When I am dead, open my grave and see
The cloud of smoke that rises round thy feet:
In my dead heart the fire still burns for thee;
Yea, the smoke rises from my winding-sheet!
Ah, come, Beloved! for the meadows wait
Thy coming, and the thorn bears flowers instead
Of thorns, the cypress fruit, and desolate
Bare winter from before thy steps has fled.
Hoping within some garden ground to find
A red rose soft and sweet as thy soft cheek,
Through every meadow blows the western wind,
Through every garden he is fain to seek.
Reveal thy face! that the whole world may be
Bewildered by thy radiant loveliness;
The cry of man and woman comes to thee,
Open thy lips and comfort their distress!
Each curling lock of thy luxuriant hair
Breaks into barbed hooks to catch my heart,
My broken heart is wounded everywhere
With countless wounds from which the red drops start.
Yet when sad lovers meet and tell their sighs,
Not without praise shall Hafiz' name be said,
Not without tears, in those pale companies
Where joy has been forgot and hope has fled.

GERTRUDE BELL

25 LIGHT IN DARKNESS

High-nesting in the stately fir,
The enduring nightingale again
Unto the rose in passionate strain
Singeth: "All ill be far from her!"
"In gratitude for this, O rose,
That thou the Queen of Beauty art,
Pity the nightingales' mad heart,
Be not contemptuous of those."

I do not rail against my fate
When thou dost hide thy face from me;
Joy wells not of propinquity
Save in the heart once desolate.

If other men are gay and glad
That life is joy and festival,
I do exult and glory all
Because her beauty makes me sad.

And if for maids of Paradise
And heavenly halls the monk aspires,
The Friend fulfils my heart's desires,
The Tavern will for heaven suffice.

Drink wine, and let the lute vibrate;
Grieve not; if any tell to thee,
“Wine is a great iniquity”,
Say, “Allah is compassionate!”

Why, Hafiz, art thou sorrowing,
Why is thy heart in absence rent?
Union may come of banishment,
And in the darkness light doth spring.

A. J. A.

26 O ASK NOT

O love, how have I felt thy pain!
Ask me not how—

O absence, how I drank thy bane!
Ask me not how—

In quest, throughout the world I err'd,
And whom, at last, have I preferr'd?
O ask not whom—

In hope her threshold's dust to spy,
How streamed down my longing eye!
O ask not how—

Why bite my friends their lips, displeas'd?
Know they what ruby lip I seiz'd?
O ask not when—

But yester-night, this very ear
Such language from her mouth did hear—
O ask not what—

Like Hafiz, in love's mazy round,
My feet, at length, their goal have found,
O ask not where.

H. H.

27 SHIRAZ

Shiraz, city of the heart,
God preserve thee!
Pearl of capitals thou art,
Ah! to serve thee.

Ruknabad, of thee I dream,
Fairy river:
Whoso drinks thy running stream
Lives for ever.

Wind that blows from Ispahan,
Whence thy sweetness?
Flowers ran with thee as thou ran
With such fleetness.

Flowers from Jafarabad,
Made of flowers;
Thou for half-way house hast had
Musella's bowers.

Right through Shiraz the path goes
Of perfection;
Anyone in Shiraz knows
Its direction.

Spend not on Egyptian sweets
Shiraz money;
Sweet enough in Shiraz streets
Shiraz honey.

East Wind, hast thou aught to tell
Of my gipsy?
Was she happy? Was she well?
Was she tipsy?

Wake me not, I pray thee, friend,
From my sleeping;
Soon my little dream must end;
Waking's weeping.

Hafiz, though his blood she spill,
Right he thinks it;
Like mother's milk 'tis his will
That she drinks it.

R. LE GALLIENNE

28 RANG THROUGH THE DIM TAVERN

Rang through the dim tavern a voice yesterday,
“Pardon for sins! Drinkers of wine, drink! Ye may!”
Such was the word; hear the good news, Angel-borne;
Mercy divine still to the end holds its way.
Great are our sins; greater is God’s grace than all;
Deep are his hid counsels, and who says them nay?
Bear her away, Reason the Dull, tavernwards,
There shall the red wine set her pale veins a-play.
Union with Him strife or essay forceth not;
Yet, O my heart, e’en to the full, strive, essay.
Still is my ear ringed of His locks ringleted,
Still on the wine-threshold my face prone I lay.
HAFIZ, awake! Toping no more counts for sin,
Now that our Lord Royal hath put sins away.

WALTER LEAF

'Twas morning, and the Lord of day
 Had shed his light o'er Shiraz' towers,
 Where bulbuls trill their love-lorn lay
 To serenade the maiden flowers.

Like them, oppressed by love's sweet pain,
 I wander in a garden fair;
 And there, to cool my throbbing brain,
 I woo the perfumed morning air.

The damask rose with beauty gleams,
 Its face all bathed in ruddy light,
 And shines like some bright star that beams
 From out the sombre veil of night.

The very bulbul, as the glow
 Of pride and passion warms its breast,
 Forgets awhile its former woe
 In pride that conquers love's unrest.

The sweet narcissus opes its eye,
 A teardrop glistening on the lash,
 As though 'twere gazing piteously
 Upon the tulip's bleeding gash.

The lily seemed to menace me,
 And showed its curved and quivering blade,
 While every frail anemone
 A gossip's open mouth displayed.

And here and there a graceful group
 Of flowers, like men who worship wine,
 Each raising up his little stoup
 To catch the dewdrop's draught divine.

And others yet like Hebes stand,
Their dripping vases downward turned,
As if dispensing to the band
The wine for which their hearts had burned.

This moral it is mine to sing:
Go learn a lesson of the flowers;
Joy's season is in life's young spring,
Then seize, like them, the fleeting hours.

E. H. PALMER

30 HOPE

What though a thousand enemies propose
To slay me,
With thee my loving friend, how shall my foes
Affray me?

This is my hope of life, to hold thee nigh
To cherish;
Absent, it is my constant fear that I
Must perish.

(Each breath the breeze brings not to me her scent
I languish,
E'en as the mournful rose, whose robe is rent
In anguish.)

Shall slumber drowse my senses, and mine eyes
Not view thee?
Or, being far, my heart not agonize
To woo thee?

Better than others' balm, thy blade to endure
Doth please me;
Thy mortal poison, than another's cure
To ease me.

Slain by thy sword, eternal life is mine
To inherit;
To die for thee, were benison divine
Of spirit.

Swerve not thy steed; spare not thy lance's tip
Nor falter;
My head shall be thy mark, my hand yet grip
Thy halter.

(Yet how shall every sight attain to thy
True being?

For as the mind doth know, so much the eye
Hath seeing.)

All men shall say that Hafiz hath renown
Immortal,
Whene'er his head gaineth its dusty crown,
Thy portal.

*

A. J. A.

31 GIVE

Give, O Give love's sportful joys;
Youth, and all that youth employs;
Wine like rubies bright, and red;
And the board with dainties spread;
Gay associates, fond to join
In the cup of circling wine!

Give the handmaid's lip divine,
Blushing deeper than her wine;
Minstrels vers'd in tuneful art;
And the friend that's next our heart;
With the valued, cheerful soul,
Drainer of the brim-full bowl!

Give the nymph, that's tender, kind,
Pure in heart, and pure in mind,

As th' unsullied fount that laves
Eden's banks with blissful waves,
And whose beauty sweetly bright
Shames the clear moon's full-orb'd light!

Give the festive hall, that vies
With our boasted Paradise;
Round it, breathing rich perfume,
Let refreshing roses bloom;
Such as, with unfading grace,
Deck the blest abode of peace!

Give companions, who unite
In one wish, and one delight;
Brisk attendants, who improve
All the joys of wine and love;
Friends who hold our secrets dear,
And the friend who loves good cheer!

Give the juice of rosy hue,
Briskly sparkling to the view,
Richly bitter, richly sweet,
Such as will exhilarate:
While the fair-one's rubi'd lip
Flavours ev'ry cup we sip.

Give the girl, whose sword-like eye
Bids the understanding die,
Tempting mortals to their fate
With the goblet's smiling bait;
Damsels give with flowing hair,
Guileful as the hunter's snare!

Give, to spend the classic hour,
One deep-read in learned lore,
One, whose merry, tuneful vein
Flows like our gay poet's strain,
And whose open generous mind
Blesses and improves mankind!

Mortals, wilfully unwise,
Who these mirthful gifts despise,
Entertain no pleasing sense
Of voluptuous elegance:
Scarce of such can it be said,
That they differ from the dead.

J. NOTT

32 WHERE ARE THE TIDINGS OF UNION?

Where are the tidings of union? that I may arise—
Forth from the dust I will rise up to welcome thee!
My soul, like a homing bird, yearning for Paradise,
Shall arise and soar, from the snares of the world set free.
When the voice of thy love shall call me to be thy slave,
I shall rise to a greater far than the mastery
Of life and the living, time and the mortal span:
Pour down, oh Lord! from the clouds of thy guiding grace
The rain of a mercy that quickeneth on my grave,
Before, like dust that the wind bears from place to place,
I arise and flee beyond the knowledge of man.
When to my grave thou turnest thy blessed feet,
Wine and the lute thou shalt bring in thine hand to me,
Thy voice shall ring through the folds of my winding-sheet,
And I will arise and dance to thy minstrelsy.
Though I be old, clasp me one night to thy breast,
And I, when the dawn shall come to awaken me.
With the flush of youth on my cheek from thy bosom will rise.
Rise up! let mine eyes delight in thy stately grace!
Thou art the goal to which all men's endeavour has pressed,
And thou the idol of Hafiz' worship; thy face
From the world and life shall bid him come forth and arise!

GERTRUDE BELL

33 THE LIGHT DIVINE

1

Within the Magian tavern
The light of God I see;
In such a place, O wonder!
Shines out such radiancy.

Boast not, O king of pilgrims,
The privilege of thee:
Thou viewest God's own Temple;
God shews Himself to me.

2

Combed from the fair ones' tresses
I win sweet musk to-day,
But ah! the distant fancy
That I should gain Cathay.

3

A fiery heart, tears flowing,
Night's sorrow, dawn's lament—
All this to me dispenses
Your glance benevolent.

4

My fancy's way thine image
Arresteth momently;
Whom shall I tell, what marvels
Within this veil I see?

Not all the musk of China,
The scents of Tartary,
Excel those subtle odours
The dawn breeze wafts to me.

If Hafiz plays at glances,
 Friends, be not critical:
 For truly, as I know him,
 He truly loves you all.

A. J. A

34 DUST

Come, let us pass this pathway o'er
 That to the tavern leads;
 There waits the wine, and there the door
 That every traveller needs.

On that first day, when we did swear
 To tipple and to kiss,
 It was our oath, that we would fare
 No other way but this.

Where Jamshid's crown and royal throne
 Go sweeping down the wind,
 'Tis little comfort we should moan:
 In wine is joy to find.

Because we hope that we may bring
 Her waist to our embrace,
 Lo, in our life-blood issuing
 We linger in this place.

Preacher, our frenzy is complete:
 Waste not thy sage advice;—
 We stand in the Beloved's street,
 And seek not Paradise.

Let Sufis wheel in mystic dance
 And shout for ecstasy;
 We, too, have our exuberance,
 We, too, ecstasies be.

The earth with pearls and rubies gleams
Where thou hast poured thy wine;
Less than the dust are we, it seems,
Beneath thy foot divine.

Hafiz, since we may never soar
To ramparts of the sky,
Here at the threshold of this door
Forever let us lie.

A. J. A.

35 SEASON OF THE ROSE

The season comes, that breathes of joy,
In rosy garment drest;
Let mirth, my friends, your care employ;
O, hail the smiling guest!
Old-age now warns us to improve
The vernal hours with wine and love.
To the fond wishes of the heart
How few are gen'rous found!
And the sweet hours, which bliss impart,
Pass on in hasty round:
Then, for the wine I love so well,
My sacred carpet I will sell.
The gale, that smells of spring, is sweet;
But sweeter, should the fair,
With winning elegance replete,
Its grateful freshness share:
By her gay presence clear'd, we pass
With brisker glee the rosy glass.
Soft sweep the lyre of trembling strings;
'Twill fate's black rage suppress;
Fate o'er the child of merit flings
The mantle of distress:
Then let loud sorrow's wailing cry
Be drown'd in floods of melody.

With boiling passion's eager haste,
Comes forth the blushing rose;
Shall we not wine like water waste,
Soft dashing as it flows?
Now that our throbbing bosoms prove
The wild desires of hope, and love.

O Haufez! thy delightful lay,
That on the wild wind floats,
Resembles much, our poets say,
The nightingale's rich notes;
What wonder then, thy music flows
In the sweet season of the rose.

J. NOTT

36 MYSTERY

I

Monarch of firs that stately rise,
Of honeyed lips sole emperor,
The arrows of whose flashing eyes
Transfix the bravest conqueror—

Lately in wine as passing by
This lowly beggar he espied,
“O thou”, he said, “the lamp and eye
Of such as make sweet words their pride!

“How long of silver and of gold
Shall thy poor purse undowered be?
Be thou my slave, and then, behold!
All silver limbs shall cherish thee.

“Art thou a mote, my little one?
Be not so humble: play at love!
And thou shalt whisper to the sun,
Whirling within its sphere above.

“Put not thy trust in this world’s vows;
But if thou canst a goblet get,
Enjoy the arched and lovely brows,
The bodies soft and delicate!”

2

Then spake my elder of the bowl
(Peace to his spirit Allah grant!):
“Entrust not thy immortal soul
To such as break their covenant.
“Leave enemies to go their road;
Lay hold upon the Loved One’s hem;
As thou wouldest be a man of God,
Such men are devils: heed not them.”

3

I walked where tulips blossomed red,
And whispered to the morning breeze:
“Who are yon martyrs cold and dead,
Whose bloody winding-sheets are these?”
“Hafiz”, he answered, “’tis not mine
Or thine to know this mystery;
Let all thy tale of ruby wine,
And sugar lips, and kisses be!”

A. J. A.

37 RAPTURE’S VISION

Say, where is rapture’s vision? Eyes on the Loved One bending,
More high than kingly splendour, Love’s fane as bedesman
tending.

Light ’twere, desire to sever forth from the soul, but nathless
Soul-friends depart asunder—there, there the pain transcending!

Fain in the garden budlike close-wrapped were I, thereafter
Frail reputation’s vestment bloomlike asunder rending;

Now like the zephyr breathing love-tales in roses' hearing,
Now from the yearning bulbul love's myst'ry apprehending.

While yet the hand availeth, sweet lips to kiss delay not;
Else lip and hand thou bitest too late, when comes the ending.

Waste not the hour of friendship; outside this House of Two
Doors

Friends soon shall part asunder, no more together wending.

Clean out of mind of Sultan Mansür hath HAFIZ wandered;
Lord, bring him back the olden kind heart, the poor befriending.

WALTER LEAF

38 WINE WORSHIP

Saki, the dawn is breaking;
Fill up the glass with wine.
Heaven's wheel no delay is making—
Haste, haste, while the day is thine!

Ere to our final ruin
Space and the world speed by,
Let wine be our great undoing,
Red wine, let us drink and die!

See, on the bowl's horizon
Wine, the red sun, doth rise:
Here's glory to feast the eyes on—
Drive sleep from thy languid eyes!

When Fate on his wheel is moulding
Jars from this clay of mine,
Let this be the cup thou'rt holding
And fill up my head with wine!

Never was I a shrinker,
No hypocrite monk am I;
Let wine, the pure wine of the drinker
Be the talk men address me by.

Wine is the sole salvation,
Its worship and works sublime;
Be firm thy determination,
Hafiz—be saved in time!

A. J. A.

39 HARVEST

In the green sky I saw the new moon reaping,
And minded was I of my own life's field:
What harvest wilt thou to the sickle yield
When through thy fields the moon-shaped knife goes sweeping?

In other fields the sunlit blade is growing,
But still thou sleepest on and takest no heed;
The sun is up, yet idle is thy seed:
Thou sowest not, though all the world is sowing.

Back laughed I at myself: All this thou'rt telling
Of seed-time! The whole harvest of the sky
Love for a single barley-corn can buy,
The Pleiads at two barley-corns are selling.

Thieves of the starry night with plunder shining,
I trust you not, for who was it but you
Stole Kawou's crown, and robbed great Kaikhosru
Of his king's girdle—thieves, for all your shining!

Once on the starry chess-board stretched out yonder
The sun and moon played chess with her I love,
And, when it came round to her turn to move,
She played her mole—and won—and can you wonder?

Ear-rings suit better thy small ears than reason,
Yet in their pink shells wear these words to-day:
“**HAFIZ** has warned me all must pass away—
Even my beauty is but for a season.”

R. LE GALLIENNE

All my pleasure is to sip
 Wine from my beloved's lip;
 I have gained the utmost bliss—
 God alone be praised for this.

Fate, my old and stubborn foe,
 Never let my darling go:
 Give my mouth the golden wine
 And her lips incarnadine.

(Clerics bigoted for God,
 Elders who have lost the road—
 These have made a tale of us
 “Drunken sots and bibulous.”

Let th' ascetic's life be dim,
 I will nothing have of him;
 If the monk will pious be,
 God forgive his piety!)

Darling, what have I to say
 Of my grief, with thee away,
 Save with tears and scalding eyes
 And a hundred burning sighs?

Let no infidel behold
 All the bitterness untold
 Cypress knows to see thy grace,
 Jealous moon to view thy face.

It is yearning for thy kiss
 That hath wrought in Hafiz this,
 That no more he hath in care
 Nightly lecture, matin prayer.

A. J. A.

41 THE RIDDLE OF LIFE

With last night's wine still singing in my head,
I sought the tavern at the break of day,
Though half the world was still asleep in bed;
The harp and flute were up and in full swing,
And a most pleasant morning sound made they;
Already was the wine-cup on the wing.

"Reason", said I, "'tis past the time to start,
If you would reach your daily destination,
The holy city of intoxication."

So did I pack him off, and he depart
With a stout flask for fellow-traveller.

Left to myself, the tavern-wench I spied,
And sought to win her love by speaking fair;
Alas! she turned upon me, scornful-eyed,
And mocked my foolish hopes of winning her.
Said she, her arching eyebrows like a bow:
"Thou mark for all the shafts of evil tongues!
Thou shalt not round my middle clasp me so,
Like my good girdle—not for all thy songs!—
So long as thou in all created things
Seest but thyself the centre and the end.
Go spread thy dainty nets for other wings—
Too high the Anca's nest for thee, my friend."

Then took I shelter from that stormy sea
In the good ark of wine; yet, woe is me!
Saki and comrade and minstrel all by turns,
She is of maidens the compendium
Who my poor heart in such a fashion spurns.
Self, HAFIZ, self! That must thou overcome!
Hearken the wisdom of the tavern-daughter!

Vain little baggage—well, upon my word!
Thou fairy figment made of clay and water,
As busy with thy beauty as a bird.

Well, HAFIZ, Life's a riddle—give it up:
There is no answer to it but this cup.

R. LE GALLIENNE

42 THE DRUNKARD

Come, vex me not with this eternal spite;
For old companionship demands its right.
Heed then my counsel, costlier and more rare
Than all the jewels in thy casket there.
Yet how to drunkards shall thy face be shown
That holds a mirror to the sun and moon?

Chide not the drunkard, greybeard; peace, be still;
Or wouldst thou quarrel with the Heavenly will?
Fearest thou not the fiery breath of me
Shall burn the woollen cassock circling thee?

Pour me the wine of yesternight again
To ease the throbbing of a bankrupt's brain.

Hafiz, thy songs of songs are loveliest;
I swear it, by the Scriptures in thy breast!

A. J. A.

43 MAN OF SELF

Man of Self, lifted up with endless pride,
We forgive thee—for Love to thee is denied.

Hover not round the raving lovers' haunts;
Take thy "Reason Supreme" for goal and guide!

What of Love's drunken frenzy knows that brain
That the grape's earthly juice alone hath plied?

Get a Moon-love, and teach thy heart to strive,
Though thy fame, like a sun, be spread world-wide.

"Tis the white face, the anguish-burdened sigh,
Tell the secrets the heart of love would hide.

Let the bowl clear the fumes that rack thy brain;
HAFIZ, drink deep, and name and fame be defied.

WALTER LEAF

44 ROSE AND NIGHTINGALE

I walked within a garden fair
At dawn, to gather roses there;
When suddenly sounded in the dale
The singing of a nightingale.

Alas, he loved a rose, like me,
And he, too, loved in agony;
Tumbling upon the mead he sent
The cataract of his lament.

With sad and meditative pace
I wandered in that flowery place,
And thought upon the tragic tale
Of love, and rose, and nightingale.

The rose was lovely, as I tell;
The nightingale he loved her well;
He with no other love could live,
And she no kindly word would give.

It moved me strangely, as I heard
The singing of that passionate bird;
So much it moved me, I could not
Endure the burden of his throat.

Full many a fair and fragrant rose
Within the garden freshly blows,
Yet not a bloom was ever torn
Without the wounding of the thorn.

Think not, O Hafiz, any cheer
To gain of Fortune's wheeling sphere;
Fate has a thousand turns of ill,
And never a tremor of good will.

A. J. A.

45 LOVE'S LANGUAGE

Breeze of the morning, at the hour thou knowest,
The way thou knowest, and to her thou knowest,

Of lovely secrets trusty messenger,
I beg thee carry this despatch for me;
Command I may not: this is but a prayer
Making appeal unto thy courtesy.

Speak thus, when thou upon my errand goest:

“My soul slips from my hand, so weak am I;
Unless thou heal it by the way thou knowest,
Balm of a certain ruby, I must die.”

Say further, sweetheart wind, when thus thou blowest:

“What but thy little girdle of woven gold
Should the firm centre of my hopes enfold?
Thy legendary waist doth it not hold,
And mystic treasures which thou only knowest?”

Say too: “Thy captive begs that thou bestowest
The boon of thy swift falchion in his heart;
As men for water thirst he to depart
By the most speedy way of death thou knowest.

“I beg thee that to no one else thou shovest
These words I send—in such a hidden way
That none but thou may cipher what I say;
Read them in some safe place as best thou knowest.”

When in her heart these words of mine thou sowest
For HAFIZ, speak in any tongue thou knowest;
Turkish and Arabic in love are one—
Love speaks all languages beneath the sun.

R. LE GALLIENNE

46 SAKI SONG

I

Come, saki, come, your wine ecstatic bring,
Augmenting grace, the soul's perfectioning;
Fill up my glass, for I am desperate—
Lo, bankrupt of both parts is my estate.

Bring, saki, bring your wine, and Jamshid's bowl
Shall therewith bear to view the vast void whole;
Pour on, that with this bowl to fortify
I may, like Jamshid, every secret spy.

Bring, saki, bring your alchemy divine
Where Korah's wealth and Noah's years combine;
Pour on, and there shall open forth to thee
The gates of fame and immortality.

Bring wine, O saki, and its image there
To Jamshid and Chosroes shall greeting bear;
Pour on, and to the pipe's note I shall say
How Jamshid fared, and Ka'us, in their day.

Sing of this old world's ways, and with your strings
Make proclamation to those ancient kings.

Still spreads the same far desert to be crossed
Where Salm and Tur their mighty armies lost;
Still stands the selfsame crumbling hostelry
Afrasiyab took his palace for to be.

Where now the captains that his armies led,
And where the sword-swift champion at their head?
High was his palace; ruin is its doom;
Lost now to memory his very tomb.

Bring, saki, bring your virgin chastely veiled,
 Your tavern-dweller drunkenly regaled;
 Fill up, for I am avid of ill fame,
 And seek in wine and bowl my utmost shame.

Bring, saki, bring such brain-enflaming juice
 As lions drink, and let wide havoc loose;
 Pour on, and lion-like I'll break the snare
 Of this old world, and rise to rule the air.

Bring wine, O saki, that the houris spice
 With angel fragrance out of Paradise;
 Pour on, and putting incense to the fire
 The mind's eternal pleasure I'll acquire.

Bring, saki, bring your throne-bestowing wine:
 My heart bears witness it is pure and fine;
 Pour on, that, shriven in the tide of it,
 I may arise triumphant from the pit.

Why must I yet the body's captive be,
 When spiritual gardens call to me?
 Give me to drink, till I am full of wine,
 Then mark what wisdom and what power are mine;
 Into my keeping let your goblet pass,
 And I will view the world within that glass;
 Intoxicate, of saintliness I'll sing,
 And in my beggar's rags I'll play the king.
 When Hafiz lifts his voice in drunken cheer,
 Venus applauds his anthem from her sphere.

A. J. A.

47 WILD DEER

1

Whither fled, wild deer?
I knew thee well in days gone by,
When we were fast friends, thou and I;
Two solitary travellers now,
Bewildered, friendless, I and thou,
We go our separate ways, where fear
Lurks ambushed, front and rear.

Come, let us now enquire
How each is faring; let us gain
(If gain we may, upon this plain
Of trouble vast, where pastures pure
From fear secure
Are not to find) the spirit's far desire.

2

Beloved friends, declare:
What manner of man is there
That shall the lonely heart befriend,
That shall the desolate attend?
Khizer, the heavenly guide,
He of the footfall sanctified,
Perchance he cometh, and shall bring
In purpose deep and mercy wide
An end of all my wayfaring.

3

'Twas little courtesy
That ancient comrade shewed to me.
Moslems, in Allah's name I cry!
The pitiless blow he struck me by,

So pitiless, to strike apart
The cords that bound us heart to heart,
To strike as if it were
No love was ever there.

He went; and I that was so gay
To grief convert; was such the way
Brother should act with brother? Yea,
Khizer, the heavenly guide,
He of the footfall sanctified,
Haply the shadow of his gracious wing
Lone soul to lonely soul shall bring.

4

But surely this the season is
When of the bounty that is His
Allah dispenses; for I took
Lately this omen from the Book:
“Leave me not issueless!” the Prophet cried.

It happened on a day one sat beside
The road, a rare bold fellow; when there went
Upon that way a traveller intent
To gain the goal. Gently the other spake:
“What in thy scrip, Sir traveller, dost thou take?
If it be truly grain, come, set thy snare.”
The traveller answered, “Grain indeed I bear;
But, mark this well, the quarry I would win
Shall be the Phoenix.” “Certes, then how begin
The quest?” the other asked. “What sign has thou
To lead thee to his eyrie? Not till now
Have we discovered any mark to guide
Upon that quest. By what weight fortified
Shall our dire need those scales essay to hold
Wherein the sun hath cast his purse of gold?”

Since that cypress tall and straight
 Joined the parting camel-train,
 By the cypress sit, and wait
 Watchful till he come again.
 Here, beside the bubbling spring
 Where the limpid river runs,
 Softly weep, remembering
 Those beloved departed ones.
 As each pallid ghost appears,
 Speak the epic of thy pain,
 While the shower of thy tears
 Mingles with the summer rain.
 And the river at thy feet
 Sadly slow, and full of sighs,
 Tributaries new shall meet
 From the fountains of thine eyes.

Give never the wine-bowl from thy hand,
 Nor loose thy grasp on the rose's stem;
 'Tis a mad, bad world that the Fates have planned—
 Match wit with their every strategem!

Comrades, know each other's worth;
 And when ye have this comment lined
 Upon the margin of the mind,
 Recite the text by heart:
 So say the moralists of this earth;
 For lo, the archer ambushed waits,
 Th' unerring archer of the Fates,
 To strike old friends apart.

When I take pen in hand to write
 And thus my marshalled thoughts indite,
 By the Eternal Pen,
 What magic numbers then

Flow from my fingers, what divine
And holy words are mine!
For I have mingled Soul with Mind,
Whereof the issuing seed I have consigned
To music's fruitful earth;
Which compound brings to birth
(As having for its quintessential part
Of poesy the purest art)
Most gladsome mirth.

Then come, I bid thee; let this fragrant scent
Of fairest hope, and soft content,
Bear to thy soul delight eternal:
For verily the musk's sweet blandishment
Was sprinkled from the robe of sprites supernal;
It was not wasted here
From that wild, man-forsaking deer!

A. J. A.

48 THE TIMES ARE OUT OF JOINT

Again the times are out of joint; and again
For wine and the loved one's languid glance I am fain.
The wheel of fortune's sphere is a marvellous thing:
What next proud head to the lowly dust will it bring?
Or if my Magian elder kindle the light,
Whose lantern, pray, will blaze aflame and be bright?
'Tis a famous tale, the deceitfulness of earth;
The night is pregnant: what will dawn bring to birth?
Tumult and bloody battle rage in the plain:
Bring blood-red wine, and fill the goblet again!

A. J. A.

49 THE CRIER

Send the criers round the market, call the royst'lers' band to hear,
Crying, "O yes! All ye good folk through the Loved One's
realm, give ear!

"Lost, a handmaid! Strayed a while since! Lost, the Vine's wild
daughter, lost!

Raise the hue and cry to seize her! Danger lurks where she is
near.

"Round her head she wears a foam-crown; all her garb glows
ruby-hued;

Thief of wits is she; detain her, lest ye dare not sleep for fear.

"Whoso brings me back the tart maid, take for sweetmeat all
my soul!

Though the deepest hell conceal her, go ye down, go hale her
here.

"She's a wastrel, she's a wanton, shame-abandoned, rosy-red;
If ye find her, send her forthright back to

HAFIZ, Balladier."

WALTER LEAF

50 ISMAIL

Ismail is dead, of men and cadis best:
His pen, like its great master, takes its rest.

Much wrote he of God's law, and lived it too—
Would I could say as much for me and you!

The middle of the week he went away—
The month of Rajab it was, and the eighth day.

In this uncertain dwelling ill at ease,
To a more ordered house he went for peace.

His home is now with God, and if you write
“The mercy of God”, interpreting aright

The mystic letters standing side by side,
You then shall read the year when Ismail died.

R. LE GALLIENNE

NOTES

MQ 1, B 1, RS 1, F 1, P 1.

Metre: هَزْجٌ مُشْمَنْ سَالِمٌ

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 4 3 5 6 7. F 1 2 3 4 6 5 7. P as MQ.

1. First hemistich was stated by the Turkish commentator Südi (d. 1006/1598) to be a quotation (*iadminīn*) from the Umayyad caliph-poet Yazid b. Mu‘āwiya (d. 64/683); and this statement has been accepted by most modern editors without question. But Mīrzā Muḥammad Qazvīnī in an article contributed to the Tehran periodical *Yādgār* (vol. 1, no. 9, pp. 69–78) argues cogently in rejection of the attribution.

2. For جَعْد F reads جَلْفٌ. For the alternative interpretations of بَوْي see WC, 1, 2.

3. For مَنْزِل F reads مجلس. For RS + P read جَاهٍ. The poet compares this world with the alighting-place (*manzil*) of a caravan-train; every moment the bell of a camel departing from the caravanserai warns all other travellers that their lodgment there is only temporary, and that they too must soon be quitting this life.

4. The پیر مغان (“Magian elder”) is the symbol of the man intimate with all the secrets of life; he knows by experience that reason is powerless to solve the ultimate riddle of the universe (cf. 3⁸), and that it is only the wine of unreason that makes life in this world a tolerable burden. For a fuller treatment of this theme, see no. 15. The terms *sālik* and *manāzil* belong to the technical vocabulary of the Ṣūfīs, see R. A. Nicholson, *The Mystics of Islam*, p. 28.

5. A fine description of the “dark night of the soul”; the imagery of the sea is more common in Persian mystical poetry than might have been expected of a people little given to seafaring. WC, 1, 3 gives the usual interpretations of “the light-

NOTES

burthened ones of the shores"; it seems more probable, however, that the poet is here referring, as so often, to the orthodox worshipper (whether ritualist or *Sūfī*) whose feet are firmly planted on his faith so that he has no comprehension of the agonies of the insatiably inquisitive soul.

6. For كَنْزٌ P reads آن. It is the eternal affliction of the lover of God that he is constrained by the ecstasy of his emotion to reveal the secret that should remain hidden; so did Hallāj, who paid for his indiscretion upon the gallows, see 15⁸. The biography of the poet 'Irāqī offers an excellent illustration of this theme, see my *Song of Lovers*, pp. xv–xvi.

7. The pattern of the poem is completed by rounding it off, as it was begun, with a hemistich in Arabic.

AJA translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۶ ۷.

Other verse-translations by GB, JP, HB, RAN, JR, RG.

2

MQ 2, B 12, RS 12, P 5.

Metre: مُجْتَثٌ مِّشْنٌ مَخْبُونٌ مَحْذُوفٌ.

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۳ ۲ ۷ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۸. P ۱ ۳ ۲ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷ ۸.

1. By *salāh* the poet clearly intends formal righteousness; he has abandoned the safe piety of the ritualist for the dissolute intoxication of unreason; so l. 3 expands the theme.

2. The cloister and penitential robes of the *Sūfī* are as unsatisfying and hypocritical to the true lover as the formal religion of the orthodox theologian and lawyer.

3. Listening to music was condemned by the orthodox as an unlawful pleasure, and many *Sūfī* sects agreed with this prohibition; cf. Tale 20 in chapter 2 of Sa'di's *Gulistan* (my *Kings and Beggars*, pp. 84–6). The hearing of sermons on certain days was on the other hand a well-approved exercise, and many *Sūfī* books, e.g. the *Kitāb sittīn majālis* of 'Abd al-Qādir al-Jilānī (d. 561/1166) are collections of such addresses.

NOTES

4. The hearts of the enemies of God (the ritualists) are like extinguished candles, they do not blaze with the flame of love kindled by the contemplation of the Divine beauty. Cf. R. A. Nicholson's translation (*Eastern Poetry and Prose*, p. 173) of a fragment from Hāfiẓ:

“Of this fierce glow that Love and You
Within my breast inspire,
The Sun is but a spark that flew
And set the heavens afire!”

5. For بفرماد P reads بفرمایاد. “The dust which collects on the tomb (of a saint) and the railing is considered to be sacred.... It is carefully swept up and sold in small quantities to pilgrims, and when they are making the circumambulation of the tomb, those who have sore eyes will put their fingers through the railing, to get a bit of this dust and rub it on their eyes. It is used also to cure burns, or other wounds, and swellings; it is thought to possess the power to raise the dead and is often given to one in a swoon.” B. A. Donaldson, *The Wild Rue*, p. 67.

6. The dimple in the chin of the Beloved is a pitfall for the unwary traveller; yet the desolation of unrequited love is a necessary condition of the pilgrim's progress.

7. “Love seemed at first an easy thing”; but the early rapture of discovery, the delirious joy of the Beloved's mocking glances and playful reproofs, was soon followed by the long sorrow of exile.

8. For خواب و P reads خواب.

EB translates (or rather paraphrases) ۱ ۴ ۲-۳ ۵ ۶ ۸. Other verse-translations by GB, JP, HB.

۳

MQ ۳, B ۸, RS ۸, F ۲, P ۶.

Metre: سالم مشن هزج --- | --- | --- | --- .

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۸ ۵ ۶ ۷ ۹. F ۱ ۲ ۳ ۵ ۴ ۶ ۷ ۸ ۹.
P as MQ.

NOTES

For a detailed discussion of this poem, see my article "Orient Pearls at Random Strung" in BSOAS, xi, 4 (1946).

1. The Shīrāzī Turk is a symbol of fair-skinned, youthful beauty; the Hindu (black mole) is in apposite contrast. Samarkand and Bokhara are the most famous cities of ancient Turkestan—an appropriate dowry for the Turk migrant to Persian Shiraz, for Hāfiẓ forever the loveliest of cities.

2. The blue waters of the Ruknābād and the red roses of the Muṣallā complete (with the ruby wine) the poet's colour-scheme, as do their melodious names his word-picture.

3. For *lūlīs* (gipsy singers) and the "Feast of Plunder", see GB, p. 151.

4. Self-sufficiency (*istighnā*) is the characteristic of the Divine beauty; God does not require our love, yet it is our overpowering need that we should love Him.

5. The story of Joseph and Potiphar's wife is a favourite symbol with the Persian poets of the mystic love; the foundation of the legend in the Qur'ān is found in Sūra XII, 23–54. Love for the Divine beauty lures the true lover from the chastity of formal faith to the infamy of helpless unreason.

6. For the first hemistich as given in the text, B + RS + F read بَلْمَ كَفْتِي وَخَرْسَنْدَمْ عَنَكَ اللَّهُ نَكُوْ كَفْتِي, which is a *taḍmīn* from Sa'dī. It seems probable that the variants represent the poet's own changes of mind, rather than any copyist's error.

7. The poet is addressing himself, rather than (as WJ and GB make out) the Shīrāzī Turk; the "wise old man" is the usual Magian elder. It is probably unsafe to conjecture from the mention of "happy youths" that this poem belongs to Hāfiẓ' early period; the phrase is used to balance the reference to the *pīr*; and the poem has all the marks of maturity.

8. An excellent statement of the poet's philosophy of unreason; *bikmat* is the key-word—the intellect is powerless to fathom the mystery of life: in this particular context, the paradox of the cruel

NOTES

self-sufficiency of beauty, drawing the lover out of the peace and safety of his formal faith and leading him onward through the wilderness of boundless suffering. Hence, his only consolation is to be found in the ecstasy of the experience of spiritual love.

9. Has this splendid close a *double entendre*—an appeal to the generosity of the hoped-for patron?

WJ translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۸ ۵ ۷ ۶ ۹.

Other verse-translations by GB, JP, HB, WL, RG, EGB, AJA.

4

MQ 4, B 9, RS 9, P 9.

Metre: مُجْتَثٌ مَشْنَنْ مَخْبُونٌ مَحْذُوفٌ.

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۶ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۷ * ۸. P as MQ.

1. For a full treatment of the Wild Deer theme, see no. 47. For سر بکوه P reads عشق کوه.

2. The “sugar-cracking parrot” is of course the poet.

3. For حسنت B + RS + P read حسن. The rose is here (as frequently, cf. 44) a symbol of self-sufficient beauty; the nightingale of the helpless lover.

4. For بحسن خلق و لطف B + RS read بحسن خلق و لطف.

5. Cf. 47⁸.

7. The first hemistich is a *tadmineh* from Sa'di:

جز این قدر نتوان گفت بر جمال تو عیوب

که مهربانی از آن طبع و خونمی آید

B + RS add a line after this verse:

بشكري محبت اصحاب و آشناي بخت بيااد دار غريبان دشت و صحرارا

This, however, is merely an inferior doublet of verse 6.

8. For نه B + RS + P read چه. For سرود B + RS + P read سماع.

TL translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۵ ۷ ۴ ۸.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, RG.

MQ 9, B 7, RS 7, P 8.

Metre: مُحْذَفٌ مُخْبُونٌ مُشْمَنٌ بِرْمَلٌ | ˘˘--| ˘˘--| ˘˘--| ˘˘--|.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 5 6 8 7 9 * 10. P as MQ.

4. The “moon” is, of course, the face of the young beloved; the “polo-stick of pure ambergris”, the curved black love-lock, sometimes compared with a dark cloud obscuring the radiant effulgence of the beloved’s beauty; so, as here, bringing the lover to a distraction of grief and bewilderment.

5. For این آن P reads. For سر کار B + P read سر و کار. HB translates:

“I fear that tribe of mockers who topers’ ways impeach,
Will part with their religion the tavern’s goal to reach.”

6. This obscure line (which the commentators explain variously) is omitted by JR. HB translates:

“To men of God be friendly: in Noah’s ark was earth
Which deemed not all the deluge one drop of water worth.”

He adds the note: “By ‘earth’ is to be understood Noah himself. Although he was a mortal, his sanctity caused him to be preserved from the Flood.” RS explains similarly, adding that Noah did not fear the flood at all. Indian commentators see in *khāki* a reference to the doctrine of Muhammad the Logos (*vide* R. A. Nicholson, *Studies in Islamic Mysticism*, p. 87), but this is surely far-fetched. The obscurity arises from the poet’s desire to use the elegance of the two elements (earth and water) in a single line; for the mention of all four elements in two lines, see E. G. Browne, *Chahár Maqála* (transl.), p. 47. Taking the line in its context, the poet appears to be referring to himself: though the troubled world without threatens to engulf every living thing in a flood of calamities, here is one man safely lodged in the ark of his defiant faith of unreason who fears not the uttermost catastrophe; therefore, O lovely one, befriend him, recalling that all the earth’s

NOTES

riches are but perishing dross, and come forth from your hiding-place; shake off the black lock that conceals your beauty, and look upon your lover with favour. But see Mirzā Muḥammad in *Yādgār*, vol. 1, pt. 8, pp. 61-3.

9. The “moon of Canaan” is Joseph, the prototype of perfect beauty; see the note on 3⁵ and the Qur’ānic passage there referred to. The poet offers his Joseph the “throne of Egypt”—his own heart. After this line B + RS add another:

در سر زلف ندام که چه سودا داری
باز بر هم زده گیسوی مشک افshan را

This, however, seems to be a doublet of verse 4, possibly a copyist's quotation glossing it.

JR translates 1 2 3 5 7 8 9 * 4 10.

Other verse-translations by JP, JN, HB.

6

MQ 37, B 32, RS 13, F 5, Q 16.

Metre: مختَشِّمْ مخون مقصوٰر.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 5 6 9 7 8 10 11. F 1 2 * 3 4 5 6 8
9 10 11. P 1 2 * 6 9 3 4 5 7 8 10 11.

2. *Ta'alluq* sc. attachment to other than the Divine beloved, i.e. to this perishing castle of hope, the world. After this line F+P add:

مگر تعلق خاطر بهما رخساری که خاطر از همه غمها بمهر او شادست

This addition certainly improves the sequence.

3. For بـ + RS read خراب مسـت و خراب مـسـت.

4. The *sidra* is a tree standing at the farthest boundary of paradise, where Muḥammad had his second vision of Gabriel, see Qur'ān LIII, 13–17. The poet thus compares his own revelation in the tavern with that vouchsafed to the Prophet; and in l. 11

NOTES

claims divine inspiration for his poetry—a claim repeated several times elsewhere, as in 47²⁸.

5. It is only in the intoxication of the vision of unreason that man rises to his original home in heaven, cf. 46²⁰⁻¹, and contrast 34⁸.

6. The pun on the word *hadīth* (= tale, Prophetic tradition) is clearly deliberate; the taverner has his own Traditions to recount, and the poet is acting as his *rāwī*; as we learn from the next verse, the taverner is here himself merely a transmitter, and states his *isnād* direct; if indeed this line (7) is not merely a doublet of 6, as the repeated rhyme strongly suggests.

9. The second hemistich is a *tadmīn* from Auḥadī (d. 738/1337):
 مده بشاهد دنيا عنان دل زنهار که اين عجوزه عروس هزار داما داست
 The poem in which this line occurs was obviously studied by Hāfiẓ closely when writing the present lyric, for our poet quotes from it several times:

زروی خوب وفا جوي کاهل معنى را
 دل از تعلق اين صوت و صورت آزاد است
 نموده که دگر عهد می کند با ما
 مکن حکایت عهدهش که سست بنياد است
 نصیحتی کنمت یاد گیر و بعد از من
 بگوی راست که این ز اوحدی یاد است

10. For بیدل B + RS + F + P read عاشق.

AJA translates ۱ ۲ * ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۸ ۹ ۱۰ ۱۱.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, RG.

NOTES

an actual incident that occurred to him, and then to use it as a text for his meditations.

4. For عاشقی B + RS read عارفی, which is clearly inferior.
5. The *rūz-i alast* is the day of man's creation, when God said *Alastu bi-Rabbikum?* (Am I not your Lord?) and man replied *Balā* (Yes); see GB's note on p. 153 and cf. 8⁵; the Qur'ānic sanction is Sūra vii, 171.

6. For آنچه B + RS read زانچه.

7. Cf. 8².

WL translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, RG.

8

MQ 25, B 43, RS 24, P 67.

Metre: مختّل مثمن مخون مقصور - - - - | - - - - | - - - - | - - - .

Order of lines unvaried.

3. For *istighnā* see note on 3⁴. The Qur'ānic sanction appears to be Sūra LXIV, 6: "The messengers (of God) were ever coming to them with clear tidings, and they said, Shall a man be our guide? And they disbelieved, and turned away. And God was independent (*wa'-staghnā 'llāhu*); and God is absolute (*ghāni*), worthy of praise."

4. The "double-door of the world" is clearly birth and death, see WL, p. 69, and cf. 1³, 37⁶.

5. The poet puns *balā* (yes) and *balā* (sorrow), suggesting that it was the cup of sorrow man agreed to drink on creation's day (see note on 7⁵); the fact of coming into existence meant separation from the Divine beloved, and life is a perpetual grief of separation relieved only from time to time by the ecstatic God-given vision of union, ever to be followed in turn by the renewal of the dark night of the soul.

7. Āṣaf (Asaph) was Solomon's minister; the wind was his

NOTES

steed (cf. Qur'ān xxxviii, 37; xxxiv, 12); and he understood the language of the birds (cf. Qur'ān xxvii, 16). For طرف B + RS read طرفه, manifestly in error.

8. The sequence is perfect: it is idle to lift oneself up to worldly renown and glory, for all worldly honours are nothing worth—the arrow soars merely to fall in the dust.

9. For سخنست B + RS read سخننش.

GB translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, WL.

9

MQ 46, B 34, RS 15, P 52.

Metre: هزج مشمن اخرب مکفوف مقصور

— — ۱ | ۲ — ۳ | ۴ — ۵ | ۶ — .

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 5 4 6 7 8 9 10 11. P 1 2 4 3 6 5 7 8 9 10 11.

1. For معشوقه B + RS + P read معشوقه; but cf. l. 11.

2. The beautiful face of the beloved is as often compared with the full moon.

3. P reads بی نرگس مخمور تو ایدوست حرامست.

4. For گوش P reads نی. For گوش reads من. For چشم P reads چشم. For تو reads لب. For ب + RS read تو.

5. For مارا B + RS + P read جانرا. For زریسوی هر خطه زریسوی. For هر دم ز سر زلف هر دم ز سر زلف.

6. For ای چاشنی P reads ای چاشنی. For ای چاشنی For در لب با لب reads ای چاشنی. For در لب با لب reads ای چاشنی.

7. For کوی B + RS + P read کنج. It is a common poetic legend that treasures lie concealed in ruins; the poet here gives a most elegant turn to the conceit.

8. The poet here summarizes the doctrine of the Malāmatī sect of the Šūfīs, who held that salvation lies in courting the

NOTES

condemnation of mankind, and acted accordingly; a theory admirable enough in itself which in later times occasioned grave scandals fatal to the repute of Islamic mysticism.

9. For سرگشته P reads آشته.

10. For the functions of the *muhtasib* see R. Levy in *Encyclo-paedia of Islam*, vol. III, pp. 702-3. For عیش B + RS + P read شرب.

11. The “festival of the fast” is the ‘*id al-fitr*, celebrated on 1 Shauwāl to mark the end of Ramadān; and perhaps this poem was actually written for such an occasion; though it is more likely that it marks the return of an absent friend, or the renewed favour of a beloved.

TL translates 1 2 5 4 11.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, RG.

10

MQ 61, B 31, RS 12, P 37.

Metre: مgett مثمن محبون مقصور: ۴-۳-۴- | ۴-۴- | ۴-۴- | ۴-۴-.

Order of lines: P 1 2 3 4 6 5 7. B + RS as MQ.

3. For بار B reads باد. For the conceit, see note on 2⁵.

5. For قد و بالای RS reads قد و بالای. The heart is called *ṣanaubarī* because its shape resembles a fir-cone; the adjective is used in modern Persian for the pituitary or pineal gland.

JHH translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

11

MQ 81, B 77, RS 58, P 48.

Metre: رمل مثمن محبون مقصور: ۴-۴- | ۴-۴- | ۴-۴- | ۴-۴-.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 4 3 5 6 7 8. P as MQ.

5. The garden of Iram is said to have been planted in the sandy deserts near Aden by the legendary king Shaddād, grandson

NOTES

of Iram; according to the Qur'ān (Sūra lxxxix, 6–8) and its commentators, it was destroyed by God in a great flood (cf. Sūra xxxiv, 16) together with its builders. Südī in his annotation to this verse says that the poet composed it in the Bāgh-i Iram of Shāh Shujā', ruler over extensive territories in Persia (d. 786/1384); it is certain that Ḥāfiẓ lived for some time at his court: he mentions him in several lyrics (see 287) and wrote a chronogram on his death.

6. The heroic king of ancient Persia, Jamshīd, is said to have had a magic cup in which the whole world could be seen; similarly Alexander is credited with the possession of a mirror having identical properties. The poet meditates as always on the transitory nature of earthly glory; love is the only immortal, too great a mystery to be mouthed by man (verse 7: RL and GB have erred), too great a grief withal to be concealed (verse 8).

RL translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷ ۸.

Other verse-translations by GB, JP.

I 2

MQ 90, B 82, RS 63, P 36.

Metre: مضارع مشمن اخرب مکفوف مذوف

—◦|—◦—◦|◦—◦|—◦—.

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۶ ۵ ۸ ۹ ۷ ۱۰. P as MQ.

1. King Solomon is said to have sent the hoopoe as his messenger to Bilqīs, the Queen of Sheba; for the full story see GB, pp. 148–9; the Qur'ānic sanction is Sūra xxvii, 20–38.

3. From this to verse 8 (excluding verse 7) is surely to be taken as the message sent by Ḥāfiẓ on the “wings of the morning breeze” to his faithful absent friend; the translators do not appear to have seen this.

7. This verse best follows verse 9 (as in B + RS) and is the completion of the heavenly message; the poet compares the wine-cup (the symbol of unreason) with the all-revealing mirror of

NOTES

Alexander. For this idea, cf. 15⁵. For the significance of the heavenly messenger (verse 9), cf. 6³.

9. The poet changes his theme with his mood; love is the supreme sorrow, and the wine-cup of unreason its only solace.

10. This is surely a broad hint from the poet to his patron for a royal gift, cf. GB, p. 150, and the story of Farrukhī in E. G. Browne, *Chahár maqála* (transl.), p. 44: "He also ordered Farrukhī to be given a horse and equipment suitable to a man of rank, as well as two tents, three mules, five slaves, wearing apparel and carpets."

GB translates 1 2 3 4 6 5 8 9 7 10.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

13

MQ 101, B 199, RS 83, P 175.

Metre: بـ مـ جـ تـ شـ مـ نـ مـ حـ بـونـ مـ قـ صـورـ.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 5 6 8 7 9 * 10. P as MQ.

1. The poet rejects as void the solitary joys of the anchorite (the solitary, cell-dwelling Ṣūfī, cf. 2²) in favour of the convivial joys of the tavern (the ecstasies' circle). The translators miss this point.

2. For the sentiment cf. 3⁸ and note.

4. HB takes the point better: "With reverence grasp the goblet." The idea of the wine-cup being made of the clay of the dead, or of dead kings is a commonplace in Persian poetry; cf. FitzGerald's *Ruba'iyát*, xxxvii; Jamshid, Bahman, [Kai]-kubād, [Kai]-kā'ūs and Kai-[khusrau] are ancient Persian kings; see GB, p. 165. For the catalogue of names, cf. 467-8.

6. For the romance of Shīrīn and Farhād (incorporated by Nizāmī into his *Khusrau Shīrīn*), see GB, pp. 165-6.

7. One of the loveliest lines in Hāfiẓ, epitomizing his philosophy of unreason as the only solution to the riddle of the world's impermanence.

NOTES

8. For the conceit of the treasure in the ruins, see note on 9⁷.
9. For Muṣallā and Ruknābād—the beauty-spots of Shiraz—see 3², 27²⁻³. The poem was perhaps written in answer to an invitation to visit a patron abroad. After this line B + RS add:

رسید در غم عشقش بجام آنجه رسید که چشم زخم زمانه بجان او مرساد

10. GB takes the alternative explanation offered by the commentators on the second hemistich; it seems more probable, however, that the poet meant by *abrisham-i tarab* the silken string of music, balancing the allusion to the harp in the first hemistich. For the combination wine + music, cf. 3⁸, 22².

GB translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۸ ۷ ۹ * ۱۰.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

۱۴

MQ ۱۰۳, B ۲۵۳, RS ۱۳۹, P ۱۸۰.

Metre رمل مسدس مقصور ——|-——|——|-——|——|.

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ * ۶. P ۱ § ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶.

1. After this line P adds:

ایزمان در کس وقاداری نماند ز آن وفاداران و یاران یاد باد

But it is frigid and worthless.

2. For B + RS read شاد باده. HB glosses, “‘Be it sweet!’—an expression used at drinking parties”; apparently reading نوش باد خوانان which breaks the rhyme. The reference is of course to the sweet singing of the revellers.

4. For B + RS read بند بلا. Does the poet intend this line ironically?

5. The Zinda-rūd is a famous river at Isfahan, see GB, p. 171; Hāfiẓ says in another place:

اگرچه زنده رود آب حیاتست ولی شیراز ما از اصفهان به

NOTES

The poet evidently recalls a visit to Isfahan and a patron there who now neglects him. After this line B + RS add:

نيك در تدبیر غم در ماندهام چاره آن غمگساران ياد باد

This, however, is merely an inferior doublet of verse 4.

6. For دریغا B + RS read درینغ آن.

HB translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ * ۶.

Other verse-translations by JP, RG, GB.

۱۵

MQ ۱۴۲, B ۱۲۳, RS ۹, F sep., P ۱۱۱.

Metre: رمل مشمن خبون مقصور: ـــــ | ـــــ | ـــــ | ـــــ.

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۸ ۶ ۷ ۹ ۱۰. F ۱ ۲ ۶ ۳ ۴ ۸ * ۷ ۹ ۵ ۱۰. P ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۸ * ۵ ۷ ۹ ۶ ۱۰.

1. This is one of the finest poems of Hāfiẓ; at the same time its text exhibits remarkable variants, especially in the order of the lines. AJA in his translation follows the edition of F in his pamphlet *Dil-i shaidā-yi Hāfiẓ*, which may be studied with advantage as representing a vigorously new approach to the criticism of the poem. For the cup of Jamshīd, see note on ۱۱⁶; for the heart as a mirror of the world, cf. ۱۲⁷. The *hadīth* beloved of the Šūfīs no doubt underlies the train of thought: من عرف نفسه فقد عرف ربہ “Who knows himself knows his Lord.”

2. P reads گوهریرا کہ بیر داشت صدف در ھمہ عمر. For لب P + F read ہر. The poet seems to refer in the second hemistich to those “light-burthened ones of the shore”, the formal Muslims (see note on ۱۵) who will not venture upon the ocean of unreason in quest of the pearl of Divine cognition.

3. By *naz̄ar* is meant the mystic’s intuitive vision, see L. Massignon, *La Passion d’al-Hallaj*, p. 853. For the riddle, cf. ۱۴ and note, ۳⁸.

NOTES

4. See note on 127.
 5. Can any doubt remain after this verse that Hāfiẓ intends by the imagery of the wine-cup the ecstatic's rapt vision? Note the word *ḥakīm*: God is the only philosopher; man's own man-made *bikmat* is unworthy of the name (cf. 38). The name *ḥakīm* is frequently given to God in the Qur'ān.
 6. For او دور P reads درد. For ب + RS + P read خدایا F + P read.
 7. For آن B + RS + F + P read خویش این. For شعبدہها F reads عقل. The Sāmirī is a magician who made a calf "of saffron hue" for the Israelites to worship, see Qur'ān, Sūra xx, 85 ff. The "staff" and "white hand" were symbols of Moses' divine wizardry, see Sūra xx, 18 ff.
 8. The reference is to Husain b. Mansūr al-Hallāj, "martyr-mystic of Islam" (d. 309/921), who was gibbeted on the charge of uttering blasphemy, notably the phrase "I am the truth". The poet explains his crime as being that of revealing the unutterable mystery of the love of God in the ecstasy of his emotion; cf. 107. After this line P + F add:
- و آنکه چون غنچه دلش راز حقیقت بنهفت
ورق خاطر از این نکته محشا میکرد
- [For دلش P reads لبس. For و آنکه P reads خاطر. For نکته P reads نسخه.]
10. For زلف چو زنجیر سلسله زلف B + RS read . The ringlets of the beloved which veil the effulgent beauty of his face (cf. 54 and note) are also a chain to keep the lover's mad heart under restraint, else he must wholly lose his reason.

AJA translates 1 2 6 3 4 8 * 7 9 5 10.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, WL.

NOTES

16

MQ 148, B 151, RS 37, P 193.

Metre: هزج مسدس اخرب مقبوض مذوف --- ۱ ۲ ۳ | ۴ ۵ ۶ | ۷ ۸ ۹.

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۳ ۲ ۴ ۵. P as MQ.

۵. See note on ۷^۵. This line gives a mystical meaning to what is otherwise the simplest and lightest of Hāfiẓ' lyrics, highly reminiscent in style of the early lyrics of Sana’ī.

JP translates ۱ ۳ ۲ ۴ ۵.

Other verse-translations by HB, WL.

17

MQ 151, B 142, RS 28, P 206.

Metre: هزج مثلث سام --- ۱ ۲ ۳ | ۴ ۵ ۶ | ۷ ۸ ۹ | ۱۰ ۱۱ ۱۲.

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ * ۲ ۳ § ۴ ۶ ۷. P as MQ.

۱. For the second hemistich cf. ۱^۴. After this line B (in parentheses) + RS add:

دیار یار مردم را مقید میکند ور نه

چه جای فارس که این محنت جهان یکسر نمی ارزد

[RS omits کین که این for جهان.] This line, however, breaks the sequence and is rightly rejected.

۳. After this line B + RS add:

بشوی این دلق دلتنگ که در بازار یکرنگ

مرعهای گوناگون می اهر نمی ارزد

[B reads اهر حرا for این.] This line again breaks the sequence, and is perhaps a doublet of verse ۱.

۵. For B + RS + P read بس (for the phrase and its significance see ۵^۶ with note) P reads یک موجش. Contrast ۱^۱, ۱۵^۲; here the poet is clearly speaking of the vanity of worldly ambition.

155

NOTES

6. A splendid message to the present times!

7. For دنیا ب + RS + P read دنیای. The poem perhaps marks Hāfiẓ' reaction to a failure to win the favour of a patron; unless it is all to be taken mystically.

GB translates ۱ * ۲ ۳ § ۵ ۴ ۶ ۷.

Other verse-translations by JP, RG.

۱۸

MQ ۱۹۵, B ۱۳۷, RS ۲۳, P ۱۳۱.

Metre: بـ مـ جـ تـ شـ مـ نـ خـ بـ مـ قـ صـ وـ .

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۴ ۲ ۶ ۳ ۵ ۸ ۷ ۹ *. P ۱ ۳ ۶ ۴ ۲ ۷ ۸ ۵ ۹.

2. GB has misunderstood غماز which here means "informer"; the scented breeze of morning and the flooding tears betray the secret of love otherwise well guarded. RS translates correctly:

“Dich verrieth der Wind des Morgens,
Mich des Auges Wasserfluth:
Und doch wahren sonst Verliebte
Ihr Geheimniss treu und gut.”

3. For سوکواراند ب زیر P reads بزیر. For بزیر B + RS + P read سوکواراند which is obviously inferior; especially in the context of the next line, where the image of the violets tossing restlessly beneath the tyranny of the fair one's locks is a superb conceit. Perhaps, however, the following emendation improves:

ز زیر زلف دو تا چون گذر کنی بنگر
که از تطاول زلفت چه سوکواراند

گذار کن چو صبا بر بنفسه زار و بین

که از یمین و یسارت چه بیقراراند

Such a rearrangement gives far better balance (note the repetition of زلف) and is more in the character of the poet.

4. For بیقراراند B + RS + P read سوکواراند.

NOTES

7. Cf. 47^{6, 10}, a passage strikingly similar to the present. Khidr is confounded in Muslim legend with Elias, and is said to have guided Alexander in his quest of the Fountain of Life; see GB, pp. 158-9. Hâfiż appears to represent himself as a neophyte of these mysteries; his companions are intimate with them.

8. For بـ B + RS + P read بـو, less elegantly; the poet calls from the door of the tavern. The erghwan is the crimson Judas tree.

9. Cf. 15¹⁰ for the sentiment; submission is the only salvation, intellectual enquiry is profitless. After this line B (in parentheses) + RS read:

ز نقش چهره حافظ همی توان دانست که ساکنان در دوست خاکسارانند
A double signature would, however, be most unusual, and the line introduces a theme extraneous to the poem.

GB translates 1 4 2 6 3 5 8 7 9 *.

Another verse-translation by JP.

19

MQ 184, B 222, RS 108, P 141.

Metre: میں مخون مقصود۔

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 5 * 4 6 § 7. P 1 2 5 3 6 * 4 7.

i. For the Muslim legend of creation, see GB, pp. 169-71. This and the following line appear to describe an actual vision of the poet, in which he saw himself being served with wine by angels out of a cup fashioned of Adam's dust. In his spiritual fervour he sees himself the sole heir of creation (verse 3), an idea familiar enough to the "intoxicated" *Şūfīs*; cf. my *Niffarī*, pp. 30 (8), 193-5, 156 (18). GB has not understood the poem too well.

2. For B + RS read خاک نشین راه نشین; cf. 47¹² and note. The second hemistich means "they sprinkled the wine of drunkenness over me".

NOTES

3. God created man to be his vice-gerent; see Qur'ān, Sura II, 30; VI, 166. For the Šūfī doctrine, see R. A. Nicholson, *Studies in Islamic Mysticism*, pp. 113, 130, 156.

4. Cf. 'Umar Khaiyām:

می خور که ز تو قلّت و کثرت ببرد
واندیشه هفتاد و دو ملت ببرد
پرهیز مسکن ز کیمیائی که از او
یک جرعه هزار علت ببرد

And Fitzgerald:

"The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The two-and-seventy jarring sects confute;
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute."

5. For ایزد! P reads آنرا. This line is presumably to be taken in close conjunction with the following: the "concord" is that of complete submission, which consumes the human will as the moth is consumed by the flame. For صوفیان B + RS + P read حوریان.

After this line B + RS (and P after verse 6) add:

ما بصد خوبن پندار ز ره چون نروم چون ره آدم بیدار یک دانه زدند

On the meaning, see GB, p. 171.

6. After this line B + RS add:

نقطه عشق دل گوشه نشینان خون کرد
همچو آن خال که بر عارض جانانه زندند

7. For سخن را بقلم نگشید B + RS + P read سخن را بقلم نگشید, عروسان سخن, but the text of MQ gives an excellent balance between سخن and نقاب سخن and اندیشه.

GB translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۵ * ۴ ۶ § 7.

Other verse-translations by GP, HB.

NOTES

20

MQ 198, B 136, RS 22, F 6, P 135.

Metre: مضارع مشمن اخرب مکفوف مقصور

-- ˘ | - ˘ - ˘ | ˘ - - ˘ | - ˘ - .

Order of lines: P 1 2 3 4 6 5 7 8 9. B + RS + F as MQ.

1. This is one of Hāfiẓ' few conversation-pieces: a curious and remarkable technique, reminiscent of the سؤال and جواب of the learned treatises, and, in particular, the shorter mystical tracts of Suhrawardī Maqtūl, e.g. the '*Aql-i surkh* (ed. Mahdī Bayānī, Isfahan 1319/1940). The poet imagines a conversation between an old Ṣūfī and a beautiful boy who is the focus of his meditation.

2. The tribute of Egypt, Egypt being the wealthiest province of the Muslim empire.

3. For نکتهدان P reads خرددان which destroys the elegant verbal play.

4. The elder seeks to draw the boy forth from the tavern to the temple; the boy replies that in his religion God is worshipped through the adoration of his image in material beauty—a fundamental doctrine of this school of Ṣūfīs, and a practice which led inevitably to grave scandals.

6. How can the wearer of the *khirqa* of renunciation be a wine-bibber? The Magian faith resolves this dilemma too.

8. RS following the commentators identifies *khwāja* with Hāfiẓ' patron Qiwām al-Dīn Ḥasan (the minister of Shāh Shujā'), involving a play on the words *mushtari* and *mah*; but this seems rather far-fetched. For آ Zimmerman F reads سهر.

9. For او B + RS + F + P read تو, which must surely be adopted unless the interpretation of RS is accepted, to the ruination of an otherwise perfect poem.

AJA translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9.

Another verse-translation by JP.

NOTES

21

MQ 225, B 158, RS 44, P 214.

Metre: مضارع مشن اخرب مکفون مذوف

-- ˘ | - ˘ - ˘ | ˘ - - ˘ | - ˘ - .

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 5 * 6 § 7 8. P as MQ.

1. For the circumstances alleged as attending the composition of this poem, see GB, p. 173: Cypress, Tulip and Rose are supposed to be the names of three handmaidens who nursed Ghīyāth al-Dīn Purābī of Bengal during a sickness. RS quoting Sūdī explains the three cups as referring to the practice of drinking three glasses of wine after a meal to fidelity; WC speaks of three morning cups to purge the body of ill-humours. I strongly suspect, however, that the poet is here referring to a discussion (*bābīh*) between commentators, probably of his day, on a tradition (*ḥadīth*) relating to the ritual washing of the dead; and that he intends a *double entendre*—winter is departed, let us lave its corpse with wine.

2. The *dallāla* is the marriage-broker whose task it is to exaggerate the beauty of the girl to the hoped-for husband; but spring is so beautiful that its beauty exceeds all that the broker could invent. GB does not appear to grasp the meaning; HB is better, albeit more pedestrian:

“Drink wine! our blooming bride, the meadow, shines forth in beauty’s height;

No need of the Dallálah’s practice while days like these delight.”

3. GB: “The parrots of India are the court poets of Ghīyāt-dīn, and the Persian sweetmeat is the ode that Ḥāfiẓ sent to Bengal.”

4. For يکساله P reads صدساٰلہ. The poem was presumably written in one night.

5. For جادوانه آهو P reads آهوانه آهو عابد add:

خوی کرده می خرامد و بر عارض سخن از شرم روی او غرق ژاله می رود

NOTES

6. After this line B + RS add:

چون سامری مباش که زر دید و از خرى
موسى بهشت و از بى یوساله می رود

8. The commentators identify this Ghīyāth al-Dīn alternatively as the king of Bengal (acc. 769/1367), and the Prince of Herat Ghīyāth al-Dīn Pīr ‘Alī (ruled 772–92/1370–89). The name does not occur elsewhere in the *Dīvān*.

GB translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ * ۶ § ۷ ۸.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

22

MQ 219, B 121, RS 7, P 203.

Metre: بـ بـ بـ بـ | بـ بـ بـ | بـ بـ بـ | بـ بـ .

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۸ ۵ ۶ ۷ ۹ * §. P ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷ ۸ ۹ §.

3. For روز B + RS + P read دور.

4. For خروج B + RS + P read بروج, which is rather a frigid metaphor: “clusters of sweet herbs, radiant as the zodiacal mansions of the sun” (HB).

5. The breath of Jesus in Muslim legend has power to raise the dead, cf. ۱۵⁸. ‘Ūd and Thamūd are named in the Qur’ān as unbelieving peoples who rejected the messengers sent to them by God and were in consequence utterly destroyed; see Qur’ān, Sūra VII, 65–79; XXVI, 123–59; XLI, 14–17.

6. Cf. ۳²; the wine of unreason is the only consolation for the tragedy of evanescent beauty.

7. A splendid conceit; for Solomon riding the wind see note on 87.

8. The “faith of old Zoroaster” is of course intended here as the Magian wine-bibbing: a magnificent heresy for a Muslim to propound! For the story of Nimrod: “Nimrod, the king of the

NOTES

day, caused Abraham to be cast into a great fire, which was miraculously turned into a rose garden. Hence the fire of Nimrod which enflames the tulip." (WL, p. 71.) The legend is related in comment upon Qur'ān, Sūra xxxvii, 97.

9. For Āṣaf see note on 87. 'Imād al-Dīn Maḥmūd was a minister of Shāh Shaikh Abū Ishāq (reigned 742-57/1341-56), one of Ḥāfiẓ' patrons.

10. *Tarbiyat* is the technical word for the protection afforded by a royal patron to a young poet, see Niẓāmī 'Arūḍī, *Chahār maqāla*, p. 30¹⁸ و امّا بر پادشاه واجب است که چنین شاعر را تربیت: کند تا در خدمت او پدیدار آید. For this line B + RS substitute the following:

ز عیش کام ابد جو بدولتش حافظ که باد تا باد ظل رأفتش مددود

In P the following is given (in B + RS additional to the preceding, B placing it in parentheses):

بیار باده که حافظ مدامش استظهار

بفضل و رحمت عامست و غافر معهود

[The second hemistich in B + RS reads بفضل رحمت غفار بود و خواهد بود.]

WL translates ۱ ۴ ۲ ۳ ۸ ۶ ۷ ۹ *.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, RG.

23

MQ 234, B 196, RS 82, P 212.

Metre: بـ مجتثٌ مشـن سـلم

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۴ ۳ ۶ ۵ ۷. P ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۶ ۵ ۷.

1. For RS reads شرق (a misprint). For the simile, see 383.

3. For B + RS read شکایت.

NOTES

4. For نتوان کرد B + RS read ای دل مکن . HB is more faithful:
 “From Heaven’s inverted tray, O heart! expect not to obtain,
 Save by reproach and hundred pangs, one particle of gain.”
5. For بود که این ره پاشد کاین بی P reads . For گوهر cf. ۱۵^۲. Personal suffering and divine grace are both required for spiritual attainment.

6. For طوفان see note on ۵^۶.

7. For لطف B + RS read ، P reads وصل . Cf. ۳۲^۴. For لاله (a repeated rhyme, see verse ۱) B + RS + P read ناله , which is surely superior, cf. ۲۴^۲.

JN translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۶ ۵ ۴ ۷.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

24

MQ ۲۳۳, B ۲۴۹, RS ۱۳۵, P ۲۰۲.

Metre: مضارع مثنی اخرب --- ـ | ـ ـ ـ | ـ ـ ـ | ـ ـ ـ .

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ * ۴ ۵ ۲ § ۳ ۶ || ۶ . P ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ .

1. This is one of Hāfiẓ’ finest and most interpolated lyrics.
 After this line B + RS add:

هر دم چو بی وفایان نتوان گرفت یاری
 مائیم و خاک کویش تا جان ز تن برآید

The immediate repetition of the rhyme suggests that this line is merely a copyist’s quotation.

2. Smoke is a common metaphor in Persian poetry for a burning sigh. After this line B + RS add:

بر خیز تا چنرا از قامت و قیامت
 هم سرو در برآید هم نارون برآید
 بر بوی آنکه در باغ یابد گلی چو رویت
 آید نسیم و هر دم گرد چن برآید

P adds the second of these lines after verse ۵.

NOTES

3. For رخ B + RS read رو.

After this line B + RS add:

هر یک شکست زلفت پنجاه شست دارد

چون این دل شکسته با آن شکن برآید

which is extremely frigid.

5. Note the contrast between *جان* and *دست*; the beloved will not satisfy the material needs of the poor, much less the spiritual aspirations of the lover.

GB translates ۱ * ۴ ۵ ۲ § ۳ || ۶.

Other verse-translations by JP, RG.

25

MQ ۲۵۴, B ۲۹۲, RS ۱۱, P ۲۵۵.

مضارع مشمن اخرب مکفوف مقصور: Metre:

— — ۱ | — ۲ — ۳ | ۴ — — ۵ | — ۶ — .

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۳ ۵ ۶ ۴ ۷. P as MQ.

2. For بیدل B + RS read عاشق. RS does not take this verse as part of the nightingale's lament; HB follows him in this.

3. The poem is evidently addressed to an absent friend, cf. verse 7.

5. A reminiscence of Qur'ān, Sūra LV, ۷۲: حور متصورات فِي الْأَخْيَامِ.

6. هوَ الْغَفُورُ is a common Qur'ānic phrase, see Sūra X, ۱۰۷; XII, ۹۹; XXVIII, ۱۵; XXXIX, ۵۴; XLII, ۳; XLVI, ۷; LXXXV, ۱۴.

AJA translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷.

Other verse-translations by JP, GB.

NOTES

26

MQ 270, B 313, RS 4, P 279.

Metre: ع-ع-- | ع-ع- | عع-.

Order of lines unvaried.

3. See 2⁵ and note.

7. It would appear from the form of the signature that this poem, like some others, was written by Hāfiẓ for singing by a famous minstrel; hence the poet's reference to himself in the third person. The lyric clearly belongs to the poet's early life, and is perhaps the simplest in the *Dīvān*.

HH translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۵ ۴ ۷.

Other verse-translations by JP, Derozio (in *Calcutta Review* for September 2, 1827).

27

MQ 279, B 322, RS 7, P 291.

Metre: هزج مسدس مکفوف مذوف: ع-- | ع-- | ع--.

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۸ ۷ ۹. P as MQ.

2. For Ruknābād and Muṣallā see ۳^۲, ۱۳^۹. “لوحش الله” “beware, God forbid” is an abbreviation of the Arabic لا أوحش الله “may God not desolate”. For Khidr, see note on ۱۸۷.

3. Ja'farābād has now completely disappeared; see GB, p. 167, HB, p. 177.

4. For بجوي B + RS read بجواه. For روح قسى see Qur'ān, Sūra II, 81, 254; v, 109; XVI, 104; and see GB, p. 167; cf. ۱۵^۹.

5. Egyptian sugar was (as it still is) famous for sweetness; so Hāfiẓ says elsewhere:

دهان شهد تو داده رواج آب خضر

لب چوند تو برد از نبات مصر رواج

For the “sweetmakers” of Shiraz, cf. ۳^۳.

NOTES

6. For *lūlī* see note on 3³. This poem and 3 are clearly closely related.

RG translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 8 7.

Other verse-translations by JP, GB, HB.

28

MQ 284, B 333, RS 18, P 296.

Metre: سریع مطوی موقوف: ——○○— | —○○— | —○—.

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 5 3 4 6 7 8 9. P 1 2 3 5 4 6 7 8 9.

2. For لطف B + RS read عفو شن. For سروش cf. 6³.

3. خام “raw” is a metaphor for “inexperienced”, and is contrasted with پخته “cooked”, “experienced”; in this case the “cooking” is to take place with the “fire” of the wine. Elsewhere Hāfiẓ says:

ز تاب آتش سودای عشقش بسان دیگ دایم میرنم جوش

5. For B + RS read گوئی دانی. WL has misunderstood the second hemistich; RS is better:

“Grösser ist die Gnade Gottes
Als die Fülle uns’rer Schuld;
Schweige! Kennst du den die Gründe,
Die verborgenen, der Huld?”

8. For Shāh Shuja‘ see note on 11⁵. The three-line close is unusual, but explained by the panegyrical tone of the poem.

WL translates 1 2 5 3 4 6 7.

Another verse-translation by JP.

29

MQ 295, B 348, RS 1, P 303.

Metre: متحث مشمن مخون مقصور: —○—○— | ○○—○— | ○—○— | ○○—○—.

Order of lines: P 1 2 3 5 4 6 7. B + RS as MQ.

1. For the conventional scene, cf. 44¹⁻².

NOTES

2. For بچهرهہ B + RS read تیرہ . For بچهرهہ B + RS + P read تاری .

3. Cf. 25². EHP mistranslates.

5. For دھان گشادہ P reads سپر گرفته . For B + RS read ایغاغ . ایغاغ is said to be a Turki word meaning “fault-finder, critic”, see Mīrzā Muḥammad, *Tarīkh-i-Jahāngushá* (vol. III, London 1937), pp. 298–9.

6. For بکی B + RS read گھی (twice).

7. A reference to Qur’ān, Sūra v, 99 مَا عَلَى الرَّسُولِ إِلَّا أَنْبَلَغْ . EHP translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷ . Other verse-translations by JP, HB (two verses only).

30

MQ 300, B 355, RS 2, P 309.

Metre: مثمن مخیون مقصور | ۱۰۰-۱۰۰-۱۰۰-۱۰۰-.

Order of lines: P 1 2 4 5 3 6 7 8 9. B + RS as MQ.

2. The first hemistich is a *tadmīn* from *Zahīr Fāryābī* (d. 598/1201-2):

مَرَا امِيد وَصَالْ تُونَدَهْ مِيدَارْد وَگَرْ نَهْ بَيْ تُونَهْ جَانَمْ بَمانَدْ نَهْ اثْرَمْ
For B + RS read صد رهم هر دم.

3. For B + RS + P read بويش.

5. For دیگران P reads دیگری (twice).

6. For لأنّ P reads بآنّ.

7. فترالك literally “saddle-strap” by which game was secured.

8. For دانش B + RS read بینش.

AJA translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷ ۸ ۹.
Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

NOTES

31

MQ 309, B 412, RS 47, R 319.

Metre: - ۰-- | - ۰-- | - ۰-- | - ۰-- .

Order of lines unvaried.

2. For همنشین...ندیم B + RS read همنشینی...ندیمی.
 4. For دلنشان B + RS read دلستان.
 6. For تیز و تلغخ B has تیز تلغخ, RS has (then و خوشخوار و سبک).
 8. For نکته دانی cf. 20³. Hājjī Qiwām al-Dīn, minister of Sultān Uwais of Baghdad (reigned 756–76/1355–74), is said to have founded a college for Ḥāfiẓ in Shiraz; the poet praises him elsewhere. So GB, p. 154; but MQ identifies with Qiwām al-Dīn Ḥasan, minister of Abū Ishāq Injū, see p. 162 above; and K. Süssheim (*Encyclopaedia of Islam*, vol. II, p. 211) with Qiwām al-Dīn Muḥammad, minister of Shāh Shujā'.
 9. For عشرت بحثت B + RS read مجلس. For مجلس B + RS read عشرت.
- JN translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷ ۸ ۹.
 Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

32

MQ 336, B 439, RS 74, P 380.

Metre: ۰ ۰-- | ۰ ۰-- | ۰ ۰-- | ۰ ۰-- .

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۶ ۵. P as MQ.

1. This famous poem is inscribed on Ḥāfiẓ' tomb. Cf. 46^{۱-۲}.
2. بولای تو “by thy love I swear”.
3. For بیشتر B reads بیشتر (misprint).
5. B + RS end the poem with half this line and half of l. 7:

خیز و بالا بنمای ای بت شیرین حرکات
که چو حافظ ز سر جان و جهان بر خیزم

NOTES

6. For the idea, cf. 20⁷.
7. B + RS omit the first hemistich, and the second hemistich of l. 5; the repetition of the phrase سر جان و جهان suggests a doublet, and the rhyme جهان is already used in l. 1. Perhaps we should emend:

خیز و بالا بمنا ای بت شیرین حرکات
تا چو حافظ ز جهان دست فشان بر خیزم

The “shaking of the sleeves” is often mentioned as a gesture of world-forsaking in the Šūfi dance, and the phrase here balances well the idea شیرین حرکات. The poem seems to have been written for recitation at the Šūfi *dhikr*; for Hāfiẓ in the third person, see note on 26⁷.

GB translates 1 2 3 4 6 5.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

33

MQ 357, B 392, RS 27, P 385.

Metre: بـ بـ مـ مـ | بـ بـ مـ مـ | بـ بـ مـ مـ .

Order of lines: B + RS 1 * § 2 6 ≠ 3 4 5 7. P as MQ.

1. This remarkable poem is considerably interpolated. For بـ + RS read نورست و کجا . The tavern is the darkness in which the Divine light rises, cf. 25⁷. After this verse B + RS add:

کیست دردی کش این میکده یارب که درش
قبله حاجت و محراب دعا میینم
منصب عاشقی و رندی و شاهدبازی
همه از تربیت لطف شما میینم

2. For the immediate repetition of the rhyme خدا میینم... خدا (Mīyinm... Khadā), cf. 30¹⁻²; 40¹⁻². The poet Sanā'i seems to have been particularly partial to this device. The “king of pilgrims” is the

NOTES

commander of the annual pilgrim train to Mecca. The “house of God” is the “ancient house” at Mecca, the Ka‘ba.

3. Cf. 1². Cathay was the famous country for musk, won from the pod of the musk-deer. The poet puns here: خطای بیم can also mean “I see the error”, i.e. of supposing that I can attain the musk-strewing locks of the beloved.

4. B + RS read آه سحر ناله شب.

6. After this line B + RS add:

نیست در دائره جز نقطه وحدت کم و بیش
که من این مسئله بی چون و چرا بیم

[RS omits جز by error.]

AJA translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

34

MQ 372, B 367, RS 2, P 329.

مضارع مشمن اخرب مکفوف مقصور: Metre

— — ˘ | — ˘ — ˘ | ˘ — — ˘ | — ˘ — .

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷ * ۸. P ۱ ۳ ۲ ۴ ۵ ۷ ۶ ۸.

1. For بشارع ز شارع B + RS read.

2. Cf 7⁵ and note.

4. بو is a shortened form of بود. The translator has omitted the conceit of the red onyx.

6. B + RS read بجالت رقصند. The Mevlevi (whirling) dervishes raise their arms during their gyrations. The poet puns here on the double meaning of بر آوردن, which also signifies “to supplicate”, i.e. for a draught of wine.

7. For در و بدر B + RS + P read قدر. After this line B + RS add:

زان پیشتر که عمر گرانمایه بگذرد بگذار تا مقابل روی تو بگذریم

NOTES

8. Since we may never attain union with the Divine beloved,
let us be content with the dust of His threshold.

AJA translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷ ۸.

Another verse-translation by JP.

35

MQ 376, B 393, RS 28, P 344.

Metre: ریل مشن محبون مقصور: ۳ ۳ ۳ ۳ | ۳ ۳ ۳ ۳ | ۳ ۳ ۳ ۳ | ۳ ۳ ۳ ۳ .

Order of lines: B + RS as MQ. P ۱ ۲ ۳ ۵ ۴ ۶ ۷.

1. For مغانتی اهل دلست این و بیش.

2. Cf. ۱۴.

4. JN has misunderstood; HB is less elegant but more accurate:

“Heaven’s organist, that robber, superior men waylays:
At this how check my sorrow, nor clamorous tumult raise?”

5. JN is again inaccurate; HB again pedestrian but correct:

“No wine we poured to water the rose’s boiling glow;
And so we boil from yearning in flames of hopeless woe.”

He glosses: “When the summer came we drank no wine.”

6. JN omits; HB is incorrect:

“A fiery dew ideal from tulips’ cups we drain:
Hence evil eye! this rapture from wine nor song we gain.”

But wine and music make up Hāfiẓ’ specific for rapture, cf. ۳^۸, ۱۳^{۱۰}, ۲۲^۲; and it is the lack of them (cf. lines ۲, ۵) that has made the poet distraught: the “imaginary” wine of the tulip’s cup is better than none at all.

NOTES

7. The poet says the very opposite of what JN translates; so RS:

“Wem, Hafis, kann man das Wunder
Jemals mitzutheilen wagen,
Dass wir Sprosser sei'n und schweigen
In der Rose Wonnetagen?”

JN translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۷.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

36

MQ ۳۸۷, B ۴۵۷, RS ۱۵, P ۴۰۷.

Metre: رمل مشمن محبون مقصور: ۲ ۲ ۲ ۲ ۲ ۲ | ۲ ۲ ۲ ۲ ۲ ۲ | ۲ ۲ ۲ ۲ ۲ ۲ | ۲ ۲ ۲ ۲ .

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۸ ۹ ۷. P ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۷ ۶ ۸ ۹.

2. For ای B + RS read کای.

4. The comparison of the mystic with a mote dancing in the sunbeam is common in Persian poetry; the appropriateness of the image چرخ زنان to the whirling Mevlevi dance is obvious.

5. For ور B reads در (misprint).

6. For بیمانه من read پیمانه من. Note the pun.

7. For وز B + RS read j. Ahriman was the spirit of evil and darkness in the Zoroastrian religion; his name is then extended to signify “seducer”, “devil”. The poet gives a remarkable picture of the conflict between profane and sacred love.

8. For با صبا B + RS read بصبا. ‘Umar Khaiyām has a variation (how less perfect!) of this theme:

در هر دشتی که لاله زاری بودست آن لاله ز خون شهریاری بودست
هر برگ بنفسه کز زمین می روید خالیست که بر رخ نگاری بودست

FitzGerald:

“I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.”

NOTES

9. For شیرین دهنان ذقان B + RS read سیمین.

AJA translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷ ۸ ۹.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, RG.

37

MQ 392, B 453, RS 11, P 392.

Metre: مضارع مشمن اخرب مکفوف محنوف:

-- ۱ | - ۲ - ۳ | ۴ - - ۵ - | - ۶ - .

Order of lines unvaried.

1. For کوی MQ reads گوی (misprint).

2. For توان P reads بود.

5. An elegant play on words that defies adequate translation.

6. See 8⁴ and note.

7. For میحیی B + RS + P read منصور. Shāh Manṣūr is identical with Shujā' al-Dīn, son of Sharaf al-Dīn Muẓaffar, son of Mubāriz al-Dīn Muḥammad, and was a nephew of Shāh Shujā' (for whom see note on 11⁵); after a troubled reign he was put to death by Timūr in 795/1393. Shāh Yahyā (Nuṣrat al-Dīn) his brother had an equally turbulent career. Both rulers are mentioned several times by Ḥāfiẓ. For the history of the ill-fated Muẓaffarid house, see *Encyclopaedia of Islam*, vol. III, pp. 798–9.

WL translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB, RG.

38

MQ 396, B 459, RS 17, P 405.

Metre: مضارع مشمن اخرب مکفوف محنوف:

-- ۱ | - ۲ - ۳ | ۴ - - ۵ - | - ۶ - .

Order of lines: P ۱ ۲ ۵ * ۴ ۶. B + RS as MQ.

NOTES

- This poem is in the same metre and rhyme as another by Hāfiẓ (MQ 395) beginning:

گلبرگرا ز سنبل مشکین نقاب کن

یعنی که رخ پیوش و جهانی خراب کن

- For the conceit, cf. 13⁴ and note; Hāfiẓ says elsewhere:

خیز و در کاسه زر آب طربناک انداز

پیشتر زانکه شود کاسه سر خاک انداز

- After this line P adds (taking the verse out of MQ 395):

همچون حباب دیده بروی قدح گشای

وین خانه را قیاس اساس از حباب کن

- For عزم جزم B + RS read روی عزم.

AJA translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

39

MQ 407, B 477, RS 10, P 413.

Metre: بـ بـ بـ بـ بـ بـ | بـ بـ بـ بـ بـ بـ | بـ بـ بـ بـ بـ بـ | بـ بـ بـ بـ بـ بـ .

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۷ ۵ ۶ ۸. P ۱ ۲ ۷ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۸.

- A splendid meditation on a vision of the crescent moon.

- For بختیاری B + RS read بخشیدی. RG's version of this poem is rather free; for a closer translation, though less poetical, see HB.

- Sc. if you cut all material ties; cf. 6². P reads روی و (misprint).

- For شب درد P reads شبگرد.

- For عرصه B reads عرضه (misprint).

- For هژ ب + RS read زرق. The woollen robe is the mark of the Šūfi; cf. 42⁵.

RG translates ۱ ۲ ۷ ۴ ۶ ۵.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

NOTES

40

MQ 417, B 489, RS 11, P 428.

Metre: --- | --- | (.) --- | --- .

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 5 6 * § ‡ || 7. P as MQ.

1. Hāfiż has another poem in the same rare metre and rhyme:

گر تیغ بارد در کوی آن ماه گردن نهادیم الحکم لله

Note the play on the two meanings of *mudām*.

2. See note on 33²; for the internal rhyming (rather uncommon in Hāfiż) cf. 3^{2,9}.

3. For بُرْنَدِی B + RS read بُمْسَتِی .

4. For قول Dast B + RS + P read دست .

6. After this line B + RS add:

صبر از خدا خواه صبر از خدا خواه

صوف بینداز این رسم و این راه

از وصل جانان صد لوحش الله

سر بر ندارم از خاک درگاه

از صبر عاشق خوشتر نباشد

دلق ملّع زنار راهست

وقتی برویش خوش بود وقت

رخ بر نتایم از راه خدمت

7. B + RS reverse and درس درس .

AJA translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7.

Another verse-translation by JP.

41

MQ 428, B 487, RS 9, P 432.

Metre: هزج مسدس مخدوف: --- | --- | --- .

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 5 6 8 9 7 10. P as MQ.

2. For بُشَرْ مُسْتَيْش B + RS read بُشَرْ هُسْتَيْش . A splendid epitome of the poet's philosophy of unreason!

NOTES

3. For عشوة P reads جرعة . RG has misunderstood this and the following line; RS is better:

“Der schöne Weinverkäufer sah
Mich dann gar freundlich an,
So dass ich, vor des Schicksal’s List
Nun sicher, leben kann.

Vom Schenken mit den Bogenbrau’n
Vernahm, was folgt, mein Ohr:
‘O du, den sich des Tadels Pfeil
Zum Ziele auserkohr!’”

6. Cf. 47¹³⁻¹⁵. The Anca is a fabulous bird, hence its nesting-place is unattainable.

7. For وصل B reads حسن . For حسن B reads وصل ; P reads عشق . The literal meaning is, “What man profits of union with that royal beauty who is ever playing at self-love?” This and the lines following contain the essence of the Ṣūfī doctrine of Divine love: God created the world to be an image of Himself; how can the image aspire to the love of its Creator? All things, in so far as they have any meaning at all, are reflections of the Divine beauty, and do not exist apart from God. This then is the riddle of life: that we are by our very being impelled to seek the love of Him who is utterly self-sufficient and has no need of us or our love.

9. For برايئ بـ B + RS read بـ برايئ . For this and the following line, cf. 3⁸ and note.

RG translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۸ ۹ ۷ ۱۰.

Other verse-translations by JP, HB (four verses).

42

MQ 447, B 518, RS 24, P 470.

Metre: هزج مسدس مخدوف ۷ ۶ ۵ ۴ ۳ ۲ ۱ | ۷ ۶ ۵ ۴ ۳ ۲ ۱ | ۷ ۶ ۵ ۴ ۳ ۲ ۱ .

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۶ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۷ . P as MQ.

NOTES

1. Cf. 47⁷⁻⁸.
2. Presumably the *nashīhat* is the poet's customary warning that material beauty is transient, the only course is to drink the wine of unreason; cf. 3⁷⁻⁸.
4. For حکم B + RS read بـهـرـ. The sentiment is similar to that expressed by Hāfiẓ elsewhere:

در کوی نیکنامی مارا گذرندادند گـرـ تو نـمـیـ پـسـنـدـیـ تـغـیـیرـ کـنـ قـضـارـاـ

7. The poet, as his name indicates, knew the Qur'ān by heart (hāfiẓ): in a double sense therefore he had the Scriptures in his breast!

AJA translates 1 2 3 4 5 6 7.

Another verse-translation by JP.

43

MQ 452, B 503, RS 9, P 492.

Metre: ٢ ٢ ٢ ٢ | ٢ ٢ ٢ | ٢ ٢ ٢ .

Order of lines: B + RS 1 2 3 4 * § 5. P as MQ.

1. An excellent meditation on the true and false Ṣūfī.
2. The word عـقـلـهـ properly signifies "noble veiled woman", and is then applied by extension to anything noble and precious. The poet is of course being sarcastic: noble reason—the religion of self-love and pride—has nothing to do with his philosophy of unreasoning love.
3. What better text than this to explain Hāfiẓ' use of the terms "wine" and "drunkenness" to mean the denial of reason and the annihilation of self?

4. For دـوـایـ B + RS + P read گـواـهـ. After this line B + RS add:

نبود بـاغـ خـلـدـرـاـ رـونـقـ	بـیـ مـیـ رـاوـقـ وـ لـبـ حـورـیـ
مهر آـنـ مـاهـ بـایـدـتـ وـرـزـیدـ	گـرـ چـهـ چـونـ آـفـتابـ مشـهـورـیـ

Two singularly inept verses!

WL translates 1 2 3 § 4 5.

Another verse-translation by JP.

NOTES

44

MQ 465, B 528, RS 34, P 490.

مضارع مشمن اخرب مکفوف مذوف: Metre:

-- ۱ | - ۲ - ۳ | ۴ - ۵ - ۶ | - ۷ - .

Order of lines: P 1 2 5 3 4 6 7. B + RS as P.

1. RS reads تا که بچینم سحر گلی رقم بیاغ.

2. غغل as well as meaning “clamour” also signifies the sound made by a liquid being poured out of a long-necked flagon.

3. B + RS read چن باغ.

4. For حسن B + RS read خار. For the second hemistich این را تغیری نه و آن را تبدیلی B + RS read کون چرخ.

7. For فرج B + RS + P read از. For B + RS read کون چرخ.

AJA translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷.

Other verse-translations by JP, GB, HB.

45

MQ 476, B 566, RS 72, P 445.

Metre: بـ مجتـ مشـ من مـ بـون مـ ذـوف: Metre:

Order of lines: B + RS ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۶ ۵ ۷. P as MQ.

2. For راهست B + RS read راهست. RS translates: “Mein Aug' ruht auf der Strasse Rand”. The phrase is omitted by RG.

3. For فـ زـ يـم B + RS read ضـ عـيـفـم. For فـ زـ ايـش B + RS + P read MQ defends the reading فـ زـ ايـش by referring the enclitic pronoun to جـان. For بـ يـخـشـ B + RS read بـ يـخـشـ.

6. For بـ يـبـندـم B + RS read بـ يـبـندـم and so RG translates.

7. For بـ دـان B + RS read بـ هـر. Perhaps we are to conclude from this last line that the poem was addressed to an Arab friend, Hāfiż intending a pun on the double meaning of *Türkī*.

RG translates ۱ ۲ ۳ ۶ ۵ ۴ ۷.

Another verse-translation by JP.

NOTES

46

MQ p. 356, B 686, RS 2 (p. 464), F 11, P 863.

Metre: مُدْعَوْفٌ مُتَقَارِبٌ مُشْمَنٌ ۖ ۖ ۖ ۖ ۖ ۖ

Order of lines highly irregular.

1. This fine poem in *mathnawī* verse has suffered from wholesale interpolations. I have followed the text established by F which restores perfect symmetry to an otherwise shapeless agglomeration and disembarrasses the poet of many weak lines.

2. “Both parts”, i.e. grace and perfection.

3. See notes on 11⁶, 12⁷, 15⁵. For بِيَ مُ MQ + P read بِدَه.

4. For تمام B + RS read مدام.

5. The original has “the treasure of Qārūn” (i.e. Korah). For the story of Korah, Moses’ wealthy kinsman, his oppression and his overthrow, see Qur’ān, Sūra xxviii, 76–82.

7. With this catalogue of the ancient kings of Persia cf. 13⁴.

9. The Persian poets often compare the world with an ancient convent, in which men lodge for their little time.

10. This and the following three lines are not in B + RS.

12. For رفت MQ + P read رای. Shīda was the son of Afrāsiyāb.

13. For دخهاش هم MQ + P read قصرش هم. For دخهاش نیز MQ reads دخهاش نیز، P reads دخهاش نیزش.

14. The “virgin chastely veiled” is the wine, often so called by the Persian poets.

17. For بِرْ دَرْم B + RS + MQ + P read بِرْ زَغْ. The word شیر گیر has the double meaning (both intended here) of “lion-taming” and “tipsy”. The “old wolf” is, as often in Persian poetry, the world, cunning and full of treachery.

18. MQ reads در آن میسرشت P; در آن می سرشت.

19. For دماغ MQ + P read مشام. For MQ + P read بِدَه.

NOTES

20. For از میم ده B + RS + MQ + P read به من ده MQ + P read هولناتک شوم این از فکرت سری j.

23. For the ruin and the treasure, see 9⁷ and note.

25. For دم پادشاهی MQ reads (breaking the rhyme), P در خسروی. For B + RS + MQ + P read دم خسروی.

26. For زهره آواز رود MQ + P read رود زهره درود Cf.:

در آسمان نه محجب گر بگفته حافظ سرود زهره برقض آورد مسیحارا

Other verse-translations by JP, HB.

47

MQ p. 354, B 685, RS 1 (p. 454), F 8, P 861.

Metre: هزج مسدس مخدوف: ۷-۷-۷ | ۷-۷-۷ | ۷-۷.

Order of lines irregular.

1. I have adopted the edition of F which largely reconstructs the poem. For بسیار چندین MQ + P read.

2. For تهارو بیکس MQ + P read. For بیکس B + RS + MQ + P read دد و دام و RS, دد و دم در B reads دو راه است و دو بیکس MQ + P read دد و دامت.

3. P reads 4 here and then 3.

4. For که P reads چو. For میبینم بیبینی این For بخرم B + RS + MQ + P read.

5. For حبیبان بقیان MQ + P read.

6. For کاری گشاید MQ + P read این ره سرآید. For Khidr see note on 18⁷.

7. B + RS + MQ + P here run on to the section 11-15; this line is l. 20 in B + RS + MQ, l. 19 in P.

8. This line is l. 15 in B + RS, l. 19 in MQ, l. 18 in P. For زخم B + RS + MQ + P read تیغ.

NOTES

9. This line is l. 14 in B + RS, l. 30 in P; it is not given in MQ.
 10. This line is l. 22 in B + RS, l. 21 in MQ, l. 20 in P.
 11. This line and the four following are ll. 7–11 in B + RS + P, ll. 7, 9–12 in MQ. For عطا MQ + P read وفا. The poet quotes Qur'ān, Sūra 21⁸⁹ (Zachariah crying to God for a child to succeed him). After this line MQ adds:
- چنین هست یاد از پیر دانا فراموش نشد هرگز همانا
- But this is a very feeble verse.
12. For رند MQ reads رندی.
 14. For و گفتا MQ + P read گفتا. For the significance of the simurgh, see note on 41⁶.
 16. This line is l. 16 in MQ + P + B + RS. For نیاز B + RS read نثار. For م ب + RS + MQ + P read من.
 17. This line is l. 13 in B + RS + MQ, l. 12 in P. For سهی MQ + P read روان. For ج بال B + RS read چوشاخ MQ, ج شاخ. If بال is correct, it must signify “top”.
 18. This line is l. 15 in MQ, l. 14 in P, l. 17 in B + RS. B + RS read گفت و گوئی و یک طرف سر چشمہ. B + RS + MQ read گفت و گوئی.
 19. This line is l. 17 in MQ + P, l. 18 in B + RS.
 20. This line is l. 19 in MQ + B + RS, l. 15 in P. For آیدت MQ + P read آمدت.
 21. This line is l. 14 in MQ, l. 13 in P, l. 12 in B + RS. For سرمست MQ + P read بدمست.
 22. This line is l. 28 in MQ, l. 27 in P, l. 32 in B + RS. For بخوانید MQ + P read بخوانید.
 23. This line is l. 29 in MQ, l. 28 in P, l. 33 in B + RS. For حکم انداز MQ + P read سنگ انداز.
 24. This line and the four following are ll. 23–7 in MQ, ll. 22–6 in P, ll. 31, 34–7 in B + RS. For تقریب B + RS + MQ + P read بتحریب. The poet refers to Qur'ān, Sūra LXVIII, 1 and puns on the

NOTES

word *nūn* which the commentators interpret as “fish”; he implies that his poetry is as divinely inspired as the Qur’ān, cf. 6¹¹.

25. B + RS read گشتیم... سرشنیم... For بود.

26. For بـغـز شـعـر و مـغـز MQ reads بـغـز شـعـر نـغـزش P و اـجـزـاسـت For بـغـز شـعـر و مـغـز read بـغـز شـعـر اـجـزـاسـت.

27. For بـیـا وـرـیـا P reads بـیـا وـرـیـا.

28. For جـین P reads نـه زـان (misprint). For MQ + P read نـه آـن. For آـهو P reads حـورـی. See 33³ and note: the poet repeats his claim that his poetry has a celestial origin.

Another verse-translation by JP.

48

F 10.

Metre: بـمـنـقـارـبـ مـشـمـنـ مـقـصـورـ | بـمـنـقـارـبـ مـنـقـارـبـ | بـمـنـقـارـبـ مـنـقـارـبـ | بـمـنـقـارـبـ مـنـقـارـبـ.

1. F has reconstructed this poem out of lines excluded by him from the *Sāqī-nāma* (46); these lines are found in other editions of that composition (MQ, P).

2. For هـمـیدـارـ MQ + P read هـمـیـیـمـ.

3. For دـگـرـ MQ reads رـنـدـ وـگـرـ. For دـگـرـ P reads زـنـدـ.

4. The idea is evidently proverbial. Cf. Fakhr al-Din Gurgānī, *Vis u Rāmīn* (ed. Minovi), p. 440:

شـنـیدـسـتـیـ کـهـ شـبـ آـبـسـتـنـ آـیـدـ نـدـانـدـ کـسـ کـهـ فـرـداـ زـوـ چـهـ زـایـدـ

For other parallels, see ‘Alī Akbar Dihkhudā, *Amthāl u hikam*, pp. 947–8.

5. For سـاغـرـ MQ + P read وـسـاغـرـ.

49

MQ p. 367, B 268, RS 154, P 680.

Metre: بـلـمـشـمـنـ مـقـصـورـ | بـلـمـشـمـنـ مـقـصـورـ | بـلـمـشـمـنـ مـقـصـورـ | بـلـمـشـمـنـ مـقـصـورـ.

Order of lines unvaried.

NOTES

1. The older editors (B + RS) printed this poem among the ghazals, but modern Persian editors place it among the *muqâṭṭâ'ât*. For رندی B + RS read جانان.

3. For برد و شد B + RS + P read می برد.

5. B + RS read دختری شبگرد و تلخ و تیز و گرنگست. Cf. 31⁶ for the description.

Other verse-translations by JP, RG.

50

MQ p. 369, B 604, RS 31, P 692.

Metre: ریل مشمن محبون مقصور | ۲۰ ۲۰ ۲۰ ۲۰ | ۲۰ ۲۰ ۲۰ ۲۰ | ۲۰ ۲۰ ۲۰ ۲۰ | ۲۰ ۲۰ ۲۰ ۲۰ .

Order of lines unvaried.

1. B + RS read سرور سلطان.

2. For کاف و الف ب پنج و سه روز B + RS read کاف و الف ۲۰ + ۱ = ۲۱. For نظم B + RS read وضع.

3. For او وی B + RS read رحمت حق. The phrase is a chronogram; the numerical value of the constituent letters is

$$200 + 8 + 40 + 400 + 8 + 100 = 756.$$

Another verse-translation by JP.

LIST OF TRANSLATORS

- Arberry, Arthur John, 1, 6, 15, 20, 25, 30, 33, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 47, 48
Bell, Gertrude, 8, 12, 13, 17, 18, 19, 21, 24, 32
Bicknell, Hermann, 14
Bridges (Daryush), Elizabeth, 2
H. H., 26
Hindley, John Haddon, 10
Jones, Sir William, 3
Law, Thomas, 9
Leaf, Walter, 7, 22, 28, 37, 43, 49
Le Gallienne, Richard, 27, 39, 41, 45, 50
Levy, Reuben, 11
Nott, John, 4, 23, 31, 35
Palmer, Edward Henry, 29
Payne, John, 16
Richardson, John, 5

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	<i>page</i>
Again the times are out of joint; and again	134
Ah, when shall I to thy mouth and lips attain	103
All my pleasure is to sip	124
Breeze of the morning, at the hour thou knowest	128
Come, let us pass this pathway o'er	118
Come, saki, come, your wine ecstatic bring	129
Come, vex me not with this eternal spite	126
Cypress and Tulip and sweet Eglantine	104
Give, O Give love's sportful joys	114
Go, friendly Zephyr! whisp'ring greet	86
High-nesting in the stately fir	108
Ho, saki, haste, the beaker bring	83
I cease not from desire till my desire	107
I walked within a garden fair	127
In the green sky I saw the new moon reaping	123
Ismail is dead, of men and cadis best	135
Last night I dreamed that angels stood without	102
Long years my heart had made request	97
Man of self, lifted up with endless pride	126
Monarch of firs that stately rise	120
My bosom grac'd with each gay flow'r	92
Not all the sum of earthly happiness	100
O love, how have I felt thy pain	109
Rang through the dim tavern a voice yesterday	111
Returns again to the pleasaunce the rose, alive from the dead	105
Saki, the dawn is breaking	122
Say, where is rapture's vision? Eyes on the Loved One bending	121
Send the criers round the market, call the roys'ters' band to hear	135
Shiraz, city of the heart	110
Slaves of thy shining eyes are even those	101
Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight	85
That day of friendship when we met	97
The house of hope is built on sand	89
The rose has flushed red, the bud has burst	91
The season comes, that breathes of joy	119
The secret draught of wine and love repressed	95
Thus spoke at dawn the field-bird to the newly wakened rose	94
'Twas morning, and the Lord of day	112
What though a thousand enemies propose	113
When from the goblet's eastern brim shall rise	106
When my Beloved the cup in hand taketh	100

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

Where are the tidings of union? that I may arise	<i>page</i> 116
Where is the pious doer? and I the estray'd one, where?	84
Whither fled, wild deer?	131
Wild of mien, chanting a love-song, cup in hand, locks disarrayed	90
Wind from the east, oh Lapwing of the day	94
With last night's wine still singing in my head	125
With sullen pace stern winter leaves the plain	87
Within the Magian tavern	117
Zephyr, should'st thou chance to rove	93

